WAIT AND SEE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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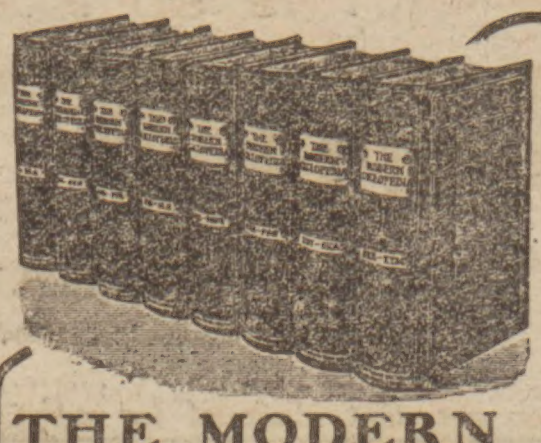

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 121. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 25TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

PACKING WET THINGS.

SOME PRACTICAL TIPS.

It often happens that on leaving home for the week-end, or on leaving a friend's house early in the morning after a night's stay that you have to pack in a hurry. There is no time to wait till sponge, washing glove, and shaving brush are dry. They must be packed wet, or at least damp, or not at all.

This often means discomfort at the other end of a journey. The rapidity with which one damp article will spread its dampness to everything around it when packed up together is almost marvellous.

A clean white shirt packed in the same bag is quite saturated after an hour or two, and cannot be worn without airing.

Now it is a very good plan—and one, by the way recommended by the great Gladstone himself!—to do as follows:—Get your bath or other towel, wrap the sponge in it with many folds, and then stand on it a few moments with all your weight. The pressure will drive out much more of the wet than any amount of wringing in the hands.

OVERCOATS IN SPRING.

WHY THEY SHOULD BE WORN.

There is often a desire on the part of a man to discard his great coat very soon after the new year has come in. He is under the impression that winter is over.

It is strange how persistently we all look for spring when really winter is at its hardest and bleakest. The days certainly grow longer, and in February it is sometimes daylight at half-past five on a clear day, but this does not mean that there is more warmth. More light—yes; but not necessarily more heat.

The average man takes to his great coat too early in the old year. In the first chill of an autumn evening he will get it out, brush it, have it pressed and generally attended to, and wear it fairly tight through autumn, even though the weather is mild and almost summerlike.

Then, when he has worn it for three or four months he feels it is time to leave it off. If he does so he runs a great risk. There is an old saying that as the days grow longer the cold grows stronger; and in the great majority of years this has proved true.

Nearly all the cold weather in any year comes between January and March, and this is the time when many men think they can begin to do without an overcoat.

It would be far better to see how long you can go without an overcoat when winter is coming on. It will prove a much greater comfort when the cold winds blow in March and the blizzard sweeps.

BOTTOMLEY versus OURSELVES.

Inasmuch as civil proceedings for libel have been instituted—the application to prosecute us for criminal libel having been refused—against THE MODERN MAN and its Editor by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and John Bull, Ltd., which proceedings we are taking all requisite steps to defend by justifying our position, it behoves us as dutiful citizens to refrain from reference thereto, or the subject-matter thereof, but we claim our right as members of the Press, in the exercise of our duty to our readers and the public, to publish such series of facts in connection with the above public company and Member of Parliament as we may conceive to be in the interests of the public, from time to time as the same may come to our notice.

JAMES ALEXANDER SHEPHERD.

Editor of **The Modern Man.**

THERMOMETERS

AND THE OUTDOOR MAN.

There is a great fascination in keeping in touch with the scientific aspects of the climate and the weather from day to day. A thermometer provides an infinite amount of interest to the average man, especially if he has a garden, however small.

Looking at it from day to day he will be astonished to note the extraordinary changes of temperature in which he, and all other living things, human, vegetable, and otherwise, can exist in reasonable comfort.

Thermometers can now be bought for very little money, and the cheapest, bought from a good maker, is accurate enough. Indeed, I would say that every man should understand the thermometer, and the barometer too, if he wishes to take any interest in outdoor life. They will enable him to know something of the why and the wherefore of the daily weather. It will also add generally to his interest in all such matters as the progress of the seasons and the effects of cold and heat on his garden and all wild life.

STUPIDITY IN RESTAURANTS.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

It has always been a source of surprise to hear people go into shops, and especially restaurants, and ask such questions as: "Is the calf's head and bacon good to-day, waiter?" or "Is the roast beef a prime joint to-day?" or "Is the fish done to a turn, waiter?" and so on. Is it likely the waiter is going to say "No, sir. The beef is raw and tough; the fish stinks, and is over-cooked; and the calf's head has been kept too long to be really eatable." Not likely.

It is the same thing exactly in shops. "Can you recommend it?" asks a confiding customer. The shopkeeper never says, "No, sir, I cannot, but you will get a splendid article at my rival's establishment a few doors down the street." Of course, a shopman's duty is to "recommend" anything and everything in his shop.

This sort of thing never does the casual customer any good. On the other hand, it is often of the utmost use to the regular customer.

A man who goes daily to the same restaurant and gets to know one waiter, may with good cause put himself more or less in the hands of that waiter. This waiter knows, not what is "good," for everything in the place is "good"; but he knows just those dishes that are done to a turn and are really the best in every way of the day's dishes.

The regular customer scores again and again in this way; but for the casual customer it is mere stupidity to ask such questions.

MEN AND THE ARTS

WHAT CHANCES DO THE ARTISTIC PROFESSIONS OFFER A MAN?

Human character is a composite thing, and one of its elements is an inclination, more or less marked, towards art in some form or another.

The sensible man who can sing a little, who can paint a little, or indulges occasionally in amateur theatricals, regards these things merely as hobbies. He is glad to have some sort of artistic talent, because it supplies him with a means of spending his leisure in a pleasurable way, and in a manner that is entirely different from the work he does during the day.

Too often, however, this is not the view taken. The man who finds himself possessed of some slight artistic talent, is inclined to weave round his head a halo, to crown himself with laurels, and to decide that in the world of art his future lies.

Such a decision would never be made if he knew a little more of life, and particularly of the life artistic.

One of the greatest of living artists once said to me that if a parent discovered that he had a boy keen on painting or sculpture the right thing for that parent to do was to place every obstacle in the boy's way.

OBSTACLES.

My friend's argument was that if the boy surmounted all these obstacles and finally became an artist, he might at least be presumed to have a reasonable chance.

The opinion has the merit of common sense, but this way of looking at artistic abilities is seldom adopted. The man who finds that his son or daughter has a slight talent for art—whether it be painting, writing, music, or acting—usually encourages the child in every possible way, and has him educated by the best tutors that his purse can afford.

Art is a sacred thing, and it seems even to the veriest Goth that it would be a sin not to give full scope and opportunity to anyone who appears to be artistically gifted.

Sacrifices are made. Money is found in one way or another, and the gifted boy is sent up to London to study.

He has a little ability, and his parents and friends therefore presume that he has genius, but there is all the world of difference between possessing a little ability and possessing genius.

EARNING A LIVING.

Practically every man who has tried to make a living by means of one or other of the arts has ability, but he finds it very difficult to earn more than a workman's wage. Not one in a thousand of them has genius, and it is only the genius who can find real comfort in an artistic career.

Some of those who adopt the artistic line have sense enough to see the difficulties that face them, and to realise their own limitations.

Therefore, we find cases of men who came to London with the intention of rivalling Sir Herbert Tree and Sir Charles Wyndham, finally adopting the music-hall profession, taking a practical view of the money-earning possibilities of their artistic talent, and in many instances dropping into the less ambitious groove with sheer comfort.

The great places in the artistic world are for the few, but there are many minor positions that those with artistic leanings may occupy with profit.

The would-be novelist may, for example, become a newspaper reporter, or occupy some subordinate post in an editorial office.

The man who once believed that the melodious strains of his voice or his violin would fill the Albert Hall, may be able to earn a living by playing in a theatre orchestra or by teaching music.

But usually there remains with him a certain element of sourness; he is a disappointed man because he aimed at bigger game than he managed to hit.

It will always be thus. Vanity and artistic ability go hand in hand. The man who has a slight talent in art will always think he has a great one. It is a pity, because as a rule he is a very harmless, and often a lovable, sort of man.

R. WALTERS.

CHEEK.

The horse that bolted in Brighton the other day knew what it was about. It ran past numerous shop windows until it reached the premises of Mr. J. J. Prance. Then there was a smash!

* * *

In connection with Brighton and horses, I might take this opportunity of deploring the spread of luxurious tastes among the equine species. Only the other day a horse attempted to board an express bound for "London by the Sea." It was gently but firmly removed.

* * *

Our Happy Critics.—A writer in "T. P.'s Magazine" discovers that "railway clerks are a much more intelligent set of men than is usually supposed." Who'd have thought it, T.P.'s?

* * *

On the other hand I dislike these interferences in a man's domestic life.

* * *

That bright literary light the "Planet" asks the riddle: "When does a £5 note become of no value?" I resent such trifling with my deepest feelings, and refuse to answer.

* * *

On second thoughts—proverbially best—I fancy a fiver would be quite useless if deposited in the Dogger Bank.

* * *

Another brilliant flash from the same luminary asks: "Why is a horse eating one of the most contrary things in the world?" Perhaps the corn bin was empty, and the poor thing must eat something.

* * *

But which of the many "contrary things" in the world was the horse eating?

* * *

"The worst of our social evils at this period in our history is the Unconscious Frown," says the "Globe." To which I would also add the Vacant Stare, the Dental Grin, and the attitudes of the bounder who pretends to talk to you while he is really displaying his elegance to a girl in the offing who doesn't care a rap for him.

* * *

"Has Mr. Harold Cox a party?" asks a contemporary. I was not at his house last night, and I have no invitation for this evening, but I shouldn't be surprised if he had. He's a jolly good fellow.

"TOUCHANGO."

EARTH'S AWAKENING.

A NATURE LOVER IN SEARCH OF SEASON.

The pleasures of anticipation have been exto from time immemorial, and the sportsman is g to indulging in this form of enjoyment to as a degree as anyone. He is capable of m memories of past sport serve him, too, on o sion.

But, perhaps, no anticipation is so keen and thoroughly enjoyed as that of a man in search season.

When, with rod or gun, one starts from h with all that is necessary for a day's enjoym the mind is apt at certain times to skip the d sport, and to picture the sportsman on the home when darkness or his own feeling satiety or fatigue cause him to give up for the

At the back of his mind there is, at the be times, a recollection that not quite all his e ment depends solely on himself.

There must come to the making of the com success of his day a certain element of luck tributed by the unconscious doings of the he seeks. Should his luck be "out" he may an open creel, an empty bag, a low score.

And though these in themselves cannot m make his day a good one—far from it inde he nevertheless would prefer that a certain de of material success should be his, if only to j the expenditure of so much physical energy careful preparation.

But the man who throws classified, labe conventional sport to the winds and goes out an eye and a mind to search for a season, is of a full reward. At least he knows that he not drawn blank, whether he finds the objec his quest, or is only permitted to suspect its pending advance. For seasons must come

If I were asked which is the longest mo the year, I would say that the truth lay str in a long, thin, wavering line through the m of February and March.

The excitement of a New Year made Janu month of infinite possibilities. All things Nature might be disclosed before the year month old. But nothing happened.

With the dawn of February things wer better. Then midway between the first and of the "fill-dyke" month, the impatient earth started out in search of the lost season. Ear often he went out, at first returning with on knowledge that a minute or two had been to the astronomical day.

But with the repetition of the search in the places, he began at last to find evidence that was not to be for ever upon the earth, the skies were not to be for ever grey and unbr that the mere struggle to find food was not to be the only occupation of such living cre as still were left out in the hedges and woo

One still grey day, when the air had hour or two about noon, lost its bite, the sun heard deep in the woods the almost forg voice of the pigeon. Those three long, s persuasive "coos" and the two shorter mor follow, came through the stillness and caus to stand still. "Good heavens! There it said, and with a bound the sound sent his im tion forward to the time when the leafy should ring with this incessant persuasive w

Just after that there was a scraping beneath laurels at his side. A little patience and appeared two blackbirds. Not one, this had been the case all the winter; not the bird scratching for unwary insects, but two one of them less black than the other—a bird.

Slowly the old instinct was returning, birds had begun to pair, taking for granted return of the spring with a finer confidence man.

But night came along suddenly, and the world lapsed back into silence, barenes sleep, as if no change was due; checked first efforts at new life.

M. E.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

BETWEEN THE TWO

By A. G. STORM.

Denerley had glanced at the clock several times since tea, but Cooper affected not to notice.

At length Denerley rose up, went out of the room and upstairs; and Cooper, sighing, bent forward and knocked out the ashes of his pipe on the grate. He leaned back and resumed the reading of his newspaper, a scowl settling on the face that was unaccustomed to express anything but good nature, his eyes travelling over words and not grasping their meaning.

"Damn!" he said at last, and threw the paper on the floor.

Then he listened.

Soon Denerley came down again, wearing his overcoat, and looking about vaguely. It might have been his pipe he was seeking—or his gloves. Or it might have been that he was giving Cooper a chance to say something if he cared to. He certainly hung about longer that was necessary.

Cooper reached for the tobacco-jar.

"Going out?" he asked, casually.

"Yes. Er—. What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I shall stick in. I've got a pile of letters to write, which ought to have been answered long ago. Astonishing how they accumulate if you don't attend to them promptly. You'll be all right alone, I expect."

"Yes," said Denerley, rather doubtfully.

He looked at his friend, who was lazily packing his pipe, and apparently entirely occupied with the process. Then he seemed to discover that there was nothing after all he was in search of, and plunged for the door.

"Don't suppose I shall be late," he said, going out. "So long!"

"So long," said Cooper, with his pipe between his teeth, and fingers searching for a match.

He scowled once more after the outer door had shut.

"The humbug!" he said, amid vicious puffs. "The almighty transparent idiot! Thinking he can deceive *me*.

"Wonder what sort of a fool he thinks *I* am?"

He gave way to gloomy meditation.

"Seven years," he muttered. "A devil of a long time, that, to live with a man. Too long, unless you've developed a kind of liking for the beast. Then too short.

"Well, getting the blues about the matter won't do any good."

He got up and began to write his letters.

One of them was couched in facetious strain, and addressed to a man now living abroad, who had previously been an intimate of both Denerley and himself.

"What do you think has happened to that poor of a Denerley (one passage read)? He's fallen in love! He has! It's dark, stark, horrifying fact. You should see the beggar's shamefaced air!

"Not that he's had the grace to confess and so unload the burden of his iniquity. He daren't. He remembers—as I do—his boasts about immunity. It was he, you will recall, who used to hold us spell-bound while he discoursed on the melancholies of matrimony as opposed to the freedom and ease of the celibate life. He spoke with the convincing force of a man in total ignorance of his subject. And we his converts, listened, admiring the adroitness with which he made a virtue of necessity; for indeed and in truth he is not much to look upon.

"But bless you, *looks* don't count when a woman once sets her heart on tracking down a man. He has been singled out and marked for capture (though I haven't a notion of who the huntress is); and all there is left for a loyal pal to do is to sit with folded hands and watch the sport. He's done for, that's recognised. I only cling to one hope, and that is that she's of the right sort.

"But one mustn't too confidently expect it. The right sort are scarce, sad to say, and though Denerley, with all his sins, deserves no other, I have yet to discover symptoms that he is entitled to rank as luckier than most men. But we shall see.

"He will become confiding presently, and expectant of good wishes. And I shall tender them, and not let him know that I really pity him in my heart. And then will follow that abominably dull period when he's neither one thing nor t'other, half bachelor, half married man, wishing for the one state while he isn't sure whether he regrets losing the other. And, Lord above, won't it be a relief when it's over!

"When are you coming back?"

He tore the letter up after he had read it over. Tore it up slowly, with a cloud on his face.

"Won't do," he said aloud. "It ain't what I want to say, not a bit of it. Sounds mean. Ungenerous. Tastes *bitter*."

He walked to the mantelpiece, and rested his elbows on it, staring, with chin propped in hands, at his reflection in the mirror.

He scowled at himself with extravagant self-hatred.

"You're jealous," he said. "That's what's the matter with you. Jealous!"

Through shut teeth—"You skunk! You mean-spirited hound! You contemptible beast!"

He said other things.

"Who are *you*," he went on, "to expect to keep him to yourself all your days? He's the best chap on God's earth—and *you*, if you had an atom of decency and real manliness——"

And so on, unprofitably.

* * * * * * *

When Denerley came home at 11.30 p.m. Cooper was still engaged with his letter-writing. He looked up with a cheerful word of welcome, and then suddenly and significantly laid down his pen.

"Hal-*lo!*" he said quietly. "What's the matter, Denerley?"

Denerley sat down, shaken-looking and white-lipped.

"I'm—upset," he articulated.

"So it seems," observed Cooper.

"I've had the misfortune to be jilted by a girl."

"A girl! You!" Cooper was profoundly surprised.

"Yes, I knew you knew nothing about it. I kept mum because—because it seemed rather rough on you after so long together—and she—I wasn't sure—I couldn't believe—that she would care for me. So it seemed the best thing to wait—to see how things turned out. They've ended now, Cooper, so you see——"

He gave a mirthless laugh.

"I don't see anything," returned Cooper stoutly. "Let's hear more details."

He listened with rapt attention, and eyes tactfully turned from his friend.

"What's that?" he said once, interrupting a halting remark.

"I told her how we'd been digging together for so long, and what a brick you were——"

"Bosh!"

"And that of course you'd miss me. But I pointed out that no right-minded fellow should wish to live a selfish existence for always, and that the day must come to all——"

"Wait a moment," interposed Cooper. "Was this to-night?"

"Yes."

"As a sort of preface to proposing?"

"Yes."

"Good Lord, man! You idiot!"

The tone made Denerley look up.

"Why?" he asked miserably.

"Singing my praises when you ought to have been singing hers!"

"I didn't. I merely said——"

"Merely said!" echoed Cooper scornfully. "What did it amount to? That you were expatiating on the sacrifices you reluctantly had to undergo for her sake! As if any self-respecting girl *would* accept a fellow who approached the delicate subject like that! Oh you top-storey bungler!"

"Could I leave you out of the subject altogether?" retorted Denerley, defensively.

"Of course."

"After seven years?"

"Life, my dear fellow, doesn't begin till the day one falls in love. At least it's a woman's idea, and must never be contradicted."

"But I thought—and expected—that she'd like you because *I* like you."

"Did you tell her so?" pursued Cooper, drily.

"I believe I hinted at as much."

"Then afterwards?"

"I tried to tell her of—what else mattered. And made a mess of it. But she listened. And I thought—for a moment—I saw something in her face. Something, Cooper. . . ."

"Yes, I know," said Cooper.

"But it passed. And she answered gently—and kindly—and coldly—oh, what I didn't want to hear. It shook me deep down, Cooper. I—I can't talk about it. But it's bad. It hurts. It's deep."

He struggled with bowed head not to betray too much emotion.

Cooper watched him, with a growing light in his eyes. He was sympathetic, but he chuckled.

"Serves you right," he said. "She gave you your deserts. She'd have been the wrong sort entirely if she'd accepted you after such an introduction. Go to her and try again. I'll bet odds that if you judiciously run me down——"

"I'll never do that," asserted Denerley, who, nevertheless, was palpably emerging from dejection.

"You'll have to. If you won't, I'll go myself, and tell her what a quixotic, helpless innocent you are, and far too great a responsibility for a selfish-living bachelor. Or, I'll do worse. I'll tell her a few truths about you——"

"Jove!" said Denerley, waking to alarm. "You'd better not do that!"

Something which Denerley took half-seriously in this entirely hollow threat seemed to bring him to his senses, or rather to bring his senses to him, for they had been rudely shaken and scattered about between "her" behaviour and his chum's well-directed shafts.

Cooper added a few more threats, each of which really contained the germ of a hint for Denerley, and so tersely put that they could not fail to make their impressions.

The look of utter bewilderment, of scarified dejection on Denerley's face grew less fixed; then it slowly faded; and in its place there came a gleam of deeper understanding. Cooper knew that all was going well in that case of emotions opposite him.

And thus Cooper proved himself a better man than he had thought himself.

A FEBRUARY DAWN

TRAMPING THROUGH THE COLDEST HOUR OF ALL.

It is regarded as the most repelling hour of all the year. Every inhospitable element is said to be abroad, making life miserable for the luckless one who dares to be about at such an hour.

In reality, however, there is much to fascinate the man who from choice or necessity finds himself at the beginning of a four-mile walk just before sunrise on a February morning.

It happens that I am sometimes the only passenger in an early train that carries mails and newspapers from the city terminus and drops them in bundles at the stations by the way.

Thirty miles out it also drops me, and then begins for me a long tramp by field and highway, to my little country cottage.

A SOLITARY HUMAN BEING.

It is always dark, in February, when I reach the open road. The train puffs away into the distance, and is out of sight and sound before I have gone a hundred yards down the slope from the station bridge.

But soon its last rumble has died away, and I am the solitary human being astir in a wide and thinly-peopled countryside, flat and wooded.

Walking southward at a sharp pace there is only mist around me, and I stride on for half a mile to get the better of the chill that pierces even a thick overcoat.

Then the senses begin to note the many signs of life and coming day. Low down on the south-eastern horizon is a narrow strip of light cloud, pale, yellow, and without warmth, just visible through the mist.

It is the breaking of the dawn into the uniform darkness of the heavens. No other human being is out on the roads as yet, though it will not be long before there are sounds of the beginning of the day's work for some of the men working on the scattered farms.

PARTRIDGES ON THE ALERT.

The growth of daylight is an even more wonderful process than the coming of evening. There is some strange quality about early morning light that is never found in evening twilight. What the difference is, is hard to tell, but the two are quite unlike.

So far only the hedges at the roadside are visible. The fields might be unlimited plains with never a stump or bush to break the level.

But these low-lying, mist-laden fields are not deserted. From many sides comes the call of the partridges, the repeated "peer—itz, peer—itz" that echoes across the acres from far and near. Now and then I hear the rapid chuckle of the birds, and the characteristic whirr of their wings.

Even now the plovers are in the air. Just one or two seem incessantly wheeling in the air above the dark ploughed field. Though the darkness has turned to greyness, it is still impossible to see them.

SHAPES IN THE MIST.

The band of light sky is widening at every instant, but still the heavens are dark all around. Mists begin to take shape. They are not spread in one diffused atmosphere over the fields, but they rest in layers.

Outlines of the fields and woods begin to be discernible through the dawn. Whole woods seem cut in two by white mist, the tops and the trunks of the trees showing above and below a sea of white wet fog.

Silent soft green firs rise out of the banks of fog and seem to be planted in it.

A moment later there is a rustling in the hedge at your side; the first of the small birds has roused itself, shaken its feathers, and flown down into the road only a yard or two in front of you. Every time you approach it it takes another short flight, and for half a mile keeps ahead.

It is almost day now. Before you can see the candle light in the upper windows of the cottages you can enjoy the scent of the wood with which the cottager's fire is being kindled.

ASTIR IN THE COTTAGE.

As you pass, a moving light is seen in the lower windows, and you know the labourer is thinking about his work. It is simply stone cold out in the air, and you do not envy the man who must turn out into it, with his tools over his shoulder, and get to work.

A few steps farther on the first workman passes you. He has a straw tool-bag slung over his arm and he walks with that hurried gait that seems to be the habit with everybody abroad at such a time.

It is indeed a bitter hour or two. From across the fields comes, out of the mists, the whistling of the young farm-hand as he bustles round the stables and the cow-sheds; a cyclist flits past in the growing light, leaving a long trail of pungent tobacco smoke; away in the little town some miles distant the factory "hooter" announces the hour for beginning work; a shepherd and his dog walk stolidly in file over the open fields towards the lambing shelters, and from every farm and cottage there are sounds that speak of renewed activity.

DRAWN BLINDS.

When full daylight arrives the birds are for a short period in song as full, almost, as in later spring. Pheasants that have escaped the sportsman's shot are stretching themselves on the boughs of the bare trees, and come chortling down to earth in search of breakfast, bringing with them showers of mist-drops that have accumulated on every twig.

Only around the few larger houses is there still an appearance of rest, and a complete silence. The drawn blinds, the frosted windows, the silvery lawn on which hungry blackbirds hop to and fro, suggest by contrast the roaring fire and the steaming breakfast that will soon call the inmates down from their chilly bedrooms.

Nearing home I see the smoke rising above the trees, and with sharpened appetite I hasten on. The dawn has been cold and cheerless indeed, but to have watched the day break at this season is to have seen aspects of life that are denied to the lie-abed.

C. EASTON-GREY.

CULTIVATING THE MEMORY

SOME CAUSES OF FORGETFULNESS

There is no accomplishment so generally useful and necessary to the successful man as the power of memory. Whether he be a stockbroker, a commercial traveller, or a journalist, a reliable memory is the most essential quality he can possess.

And yet, on all sides, one constantly hears the remark, "I can never remember anything; I have a shocking memory."

The probability is that the speaker has a memory of average capabilities, but does not know how to make good use of it. If informed of this fact and advised to take steps accordingly, it is likely that he will spend an hour in committing to memory lines of some standard poetical work.

The secret of memory-training lies in the association of ideas—the fact that one thing recalls another.

The catch of a song, a sudden waft of scent from a bed of roses, the colour-scheme of a picture, all these may recall past events—doings that have taken place years ago.

Sometimes you may be called upon to remember a series of names which have absolutely no bearing upon one another. Then you have to manufacture some connection for yourself.

Here is an example of what a certain linking-up of ideas can do in the elementary training of the memory.

Take a series of nouns—having no connection with one another—such as bicycle, door, room, man, hat, pipe, Timbuctoo, ink, police, carriage, thief, dinner, card, book.

Employing the primitive "learning by heart" method the average man would take many minutes to commit this meaningless string of words to memory. If, however, you can link them up a connection for yourself, a far different aspect is assumed.

In reading over the words, link them together with the threads of a story, after this fashion:

"Riding a *bicycle* (you can imagine yourself awheel), I met with an accident and went to the *doctor*. He showed me into a *room* where a *man* was seated, wearing a strange hat and smoking a huge *pipe*. He looked as though he had but lately returned from *Timbuctoo*. When he had taken some medicine, he told me he had no *money*. The *police* were called in, and the man was driven away in a *carriage*. He turned out to be a well-known *thief*. Leaving the doctor's, I went to a restaurant for *dinner*, but found that, like the man, I had no money. I left my *card*, returned to my own *house* and commenced a new *book*."

This connected story can be grasped at a single perusal, and the required words can be set down at once.

Much of the so-called inability to remember instructions is caused by inattention when receiving them, the mind being occupied with altogether different affairs.

Often a man may listen for ten minutes to a detailed account of work to be done, and at the end of that time, will have no more idea of what he has been listening to than he has of ever becoming a millionaire.

Health, too, has a certain governing power over the faculties of retention. A man who is seriously ill often becomes unable to remember what goes on around him, and sometimes he will lose his memory altogether. On a lesser scale, just as a man feeling ill cuts a sorry figure on the football ground, so the man out of sorts finds the greatest difficulty in nursing thoughts in his brain.

Finally, if you especially wish to remember a certain happening, make yourself thoroughly interested in it. No man forgets anything which is keenly interesting to him.

A. D.

The Reprobate

A SKETCH.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

There was a strained silence for some seconds. Then the young man placed the potatoes aside with a little irritably. He did not object to his landlady being something of a gossip, but he hated potatoes and liked them well cooked. His aunt was one of the "old school"—very hard on the young man, and very forgetful about the passing of the morning time.

"Hoity-toity!" she said, bringing down her hand upon her plate with a rattle that jarred upon her nephew-lodger's nerves. "Here's fine goings-on indeed! Isn't the dinner cooked to your liking, my lord?"

The young man looked up.

"I haven't complained," he said. "And," he added a little brusquely, "I must get back to the office sharp this afternoon. Manager's ill, so we're overhanded."

"Ill! Mr. Primpton ill, is he? And no wonder either! What sort of dinners does *he* get? Why, he'd be pleased enough to eat the grub (that ever I should say such a word) you put before *you*. I tell ye, young fellers are pampered these times that they don't know they're born. They're well off—you and your paltry eighteen shillings a week, and me slaving to see to you for your poor mother's sake.

"But what a good job for her she's gone, poor thing. They do say that you were the cause of the death of her—such a young rascal you were even at the age of four. Never a time did I put you into a new velvet suit than you went straight away and fell into a pail of water.

"Then, look at the time when you cracked your poor uncle Jimmy on the head with that air-gun. The devil was in you even then. . . . And it comes from our side of the family that you got it, for you *do* reckon yourself a bit too high-class for the common Bainses. *I* never heard your family spoken very high of.

"Look at your grandfather, old John Linstead. There was an old boozer for you. . . . Oh *I* know! He was a Town Councillor right enough and a magistrate, sitting in judgment on others when he ought to have been in the dock himself. Ought for? Why he was a regular old usurer, now do you think a hotel-keeper could die the money he did—or, p'r'aps it was faking accounts. How should an ignorant lot like what this town know the difference?

"Why, when I was feeling a little down and in need of a little somethin' to keep me from giving up entirely, I was careful never to go to old John Linstead's for my whisky. There was no go in it. It was like so much water. Your poor uncle used to drink a half-bottle of Dewar's Special a night and never woke up with as much as a headache in the morning. Call that strong stuff? That's how old John Linstead made his money!

"And now here's you—a regular chip of the old block. You with your fancy socks, and your patent boots with paper soles to 'em, your new collars, an' your silk pee-jarmers. You go away and spend week-ends in the country with your precious lar-dy-dar friends, and say. . . .

"Think I believe it? Not likely. There's too much of the Linstead about you. What was your father? (Tho' poor man he's dead 'an done with, I might see the fruits of his youthful habits in a run-down loose liver? What did I say to your father when I saw his cigar glowing on the other side of the road, opposite our house? I remember: 'You be careful of that young man, Jane,' I said, 'and there are some words I know the woman what does all the washing,' I said, 'and there are some flannel nightshirts marked William Linstead,' I said. 'Pink flannel! As if the old-fashioned ones wasn't good enough!'

"And so there were . . . (Pooh, I wasn't born in the woods to be scared by an owl, Jack, so you needn't look at me that disdainful.) . . . I gathered from those fine night-shirts of your father's, my boy, the same lesson as I gain from your fancy silk peejarmers, with the broad pale blue and white stripes. I say to myself, I say: 'What does a single young man want with fancy things to sleep in?' There!

"You needn't flush up like that, nor get spuffly about it. But if the cap fits you can wear it—you who've got the effrontery to reprove a poor old lady like me, because the potatoes aren't done just to a turn. . . . I tell you I saw the evil descending on you from the first day those pee-jarmers came into this house!

"Is there anything else, did you say? Yes there is. After this, of course, there's fowl, and then game, and then sweets, and then ices, an' cheese—all for your eighteen shillings a week. Ah, I daresay that's what you expect with your disdainful ways.

"No, don't trouble yourself to get up. I'll ring the bell. It's tapioca pudding. I *did* promise you a hasty-trifle to-day I know, but Mrs. Smith called about the tickets for Saint Paul's bazaar, and then the soot fell down the chimney while Mary was out, so I had to turn to and clean that up myself. And the Lord only gave me one pair of hands.

"Ah, you can laugh, my boy. I know you and I disagree on religion. It isn't a thing to be made a parade of, and I'm sure I'm quite as good a woman as Mrs. Smith, though I haven't been to the old church this three years.

"I don't choose to go in my old bonnets to be laughed at by the young frumped-up women what don't care how much o' themselves they show nowadays with their tight skirts, and not as much as one petticoat. They're the sort of girls you go flirting about with—such brazen-faced hussies as I wouldn't have allowed your uncle to look at (dear, good man!).

"And it's the Home that you want to make peaceful, harmonious, and happy. Same as I always said to your poor uncle when he used to argue with me. Put your Home first, my boy. Always remember that.

"And when you get married (and God send it may be a woman who's got some petticoats to her name), think above all things of your Home. Don't treat it harshly, as you do this humble dwelling. Don't come into it at dinner-time as if you could eat the wax fruit off that pretty dish, which was one of my wedding presents. Don't sit down on the furniture as if it was some common office chair. And when the potatoes is brought in, if they don't happen to be served up like as if it was the Hotel Cecil, don't add to your poor wife's trials by treating her in the heartless, unnatural manner that you do me!"

THE COST OF MARRIAGE.

SOME HINTS ON RUNNING THE FINANCES.

There are no doubt many bachelors among my readers to-day who would be married men if they thought they could afford it. And probably at least half that number could really afford to marry to-morrow if they only knew it.

In many cases they are deterred from crossing the Rubicon by consideration for the girl who is one day to share their fortunes. They hesitate because of the hardships that will be involved for her if they marry on a small income.

Often they have an exaggerated idea of the comforts that the future wife demands; she may have been used to an affluent home and to comforts that her would-be husband cannot give her for years to come, but if she is the right sort of girl, she is not likely to want to wait until he can.

If a young couple are not prepared to go through a struggle in their early married life, fortified by each other's companionship and sympathy, they had better "break it off" at once. The girl who marries a man for what he can give her is not the one who is going to make him a good wife, and the man who is not prepared to give up his little bachelor luxuries to marry the girl of his choice, is not worthy to be her husband.

An essential of married life, if it is to be what it should be, is a home of which the wife shall be complete mistress. To start married life in lodgings takes half the edge off it, so we will deal with the matter on the supposition that the future husband intends to become a householder.

This, of course, means rates and taxes, unless you are able to take a flat or a house at an inclusive rent.

In these days of improved housing conditions, 6s. to 9s. a week will procure a pretty well-built house. The rates will, of course, vary with the locality, but will not add many shillings a week to the rent.

The mistake that many newly-married men make who receive a weekly salary is that of not calculating their expenses also on a weekly basis.

The simplest plan is to divide the weekly income into three parts—one devoted to the house, one to house-keeping and one to incidental expenses.

The first must include the rent, rates, taxes repairs, gas, electric light, water, servant's wages and such necessary and inevitable expenses. This is the most important division of all and should be the last to be cut down or drawn upon for other purposes.

The house-keeping money is paid over to the wife, who will take a pride in making it go as far as possible, and perhaps in saving something. She, of course, will be responsible for the food and household expenses, such as the washing bill, cleaning materials and so on.

Whatever is left over from these two divisions may be set aside for incidental expenses, which will probably include the husband's fares and lunches, newspapers, books, "pocket money," and the hundred and one miscellaneous items of expenditure that are incidental to the running of a house.

There is one important item that has been omitted, and that is the question of clothes. A woman before marrying always provides herself with a trousseau, which should make any large addition to her wardrobe unnecessary for a year or two, and a man should not neglect to do the same.

The expenses at first after marriage are sure to be heavy owing to the various items that have been forgotten in the furnishing of the home and the inexperience of both parties. So that there will be little to spare for clothes, but when things are in running order and perhaps the lord and master has obtained a rise, the question is more easily dealt with.

E. F. MASON.

THE ALL-ROUND ATHLETE'S OUTFIT

IT NEED NOT BE SO EXTENSIVE AS MANY SUPPOSE.

Specialisation both in work and pleasure has become part of the spirit of the age, but whether it tends to greater enjoyment in the latter case is open to doubt.

The man who wants to win championships or to make his mark in some particular sport must, unless he is a C. B. Fry or an athletic Admirable Crichton, devote himself to that sport to the exclusion of all others. Moreover, whatever implements or tackle he uses in the pursuit of it must be of the very best and most up-to-date description and complete in every particular.

The all-round athlete, however, is out for sheer enjoyment and sport, and also for exercise. Athletics are to him a means of expressing the joy of living that he feels.

In his outfit, therefore, we shall find many sports represented, and he will probably be content with the bare necessaries, leaving the luxuries to the champion and the pot-hunter.

Probably he will keep all his sporting tackle together in a cupboard in his bedroom, or some of it may adorn the walls.

On the floor of that cupboard will be an array of boots and shoes, for the footgear is usually an important item in sport, and by no means interchangeable. To play a round of golf in tennis shoes would be an ordeal, while to play a game of tennis in football boots would probably result in an inquest if the court did not happen to be your own.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Football boots, either barred or studded, and spiked running shoes will be in evidence in the all-round athlete's cupboard, and they are useful for little except the sports for which they are intended. A pair of rubber-soled boots or shoes, of white or brown leather, are indispensable for tennis, boating, gymnastics, croquet, bowls, and various other games.

The cricketer must add to these a pair of white or brown boots with studded leather soles, but he may be able to use a pair of ordinary brown boots for the purpose.

The same boots will probably serve the all-round man for golf, or he may prefer to add to his collection a pair of nailed brogues.

Such things as cycling shoes, riding boots, and so on will probably find no place in the all-round man's wardrobe, unless he is wealthy, for ordinary shoes and boots are all that are required. A pair of leggings, however, and a pair of puttees are indispensable to the man who lives the open-air life in the country or to the walker.

THE CLOTHES PROBLEM.

As regards other clothes, the rig-out that is worn for football can be made to serve for most other winter sports, and that of cricket for most summer ones.

A footer jersey or shirt, dark blue shorts, sweater, and stockings will serve you for hockey, running, boxing, or even, at a pinch, rowing, although the shorts must justify their name and leave the knees quite free. A zephyr or vest which will be useful for the last three sports, is a very inexpensive addition.

The flannel shirt and trousers that are worn for cricket are all that is necessary for tennis, boating, badminton, gymnastics and so on, while the same kit will serve for cycling, walking, fishing, golfing, shooting and the many other sports for which it is not necessary to "change."

It is by no means difficult for the man whose opportunities for sport are limited to get along without even a change of flannels, for a week's interval will enable him to get his one set washed when they require it.

As far as mere clothing goes, therefore, a man can go in for a dozen sports without any great outlay. The number of actual sporting implements that he possesses, however, must depend on the number of sports in which he takes part, for these are rarely interchangeable, and it is here that the expense comes in.

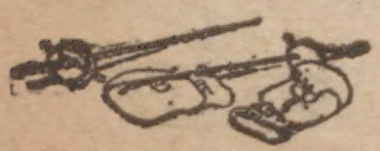
One cannot use a golf club as a cricket bat, or a gun as a fishing rod. The football or hockey goalkeeper may be able to use his cricket pads, and the same shin-guards may serve for football, hockey, and lacrosse, but the lacrosse player cannot use his crosse as a landing-net if he is also an angler. Each sport demands its own special paraphernalia.

SPORT, NOT CUPS, WANTED.

But the all-round man will be content to pay a moderate price, he does not want all the latest improvements for which he must pay fancy prices, for he is out merely for enjoyment and exercise. He will probably be able to get what he wants second-hand.

I know more than one all-round athlete who has purchased the implements necessary to give him a start in one sport with prizes that he happened to win by his prowess in another.

JOHN GERVAISE.



SILVER OR LEATHER?

A CIGARETTE CASE QUESTION.

Which is better, the silver cigarette case or the leather case? To say that either is entirely satisfactory is to shut your eyes to defects in both, for we have not yet found the ideal case for cigarettes.

There is much to be said for the silver case. For one thing it preserves the cigarettes in their original form. It keeps them from getting crushed out of shape, and thereby partly spoiled, for there is nothing so unattractive to the smoker as a squashed and wrinkled "fag."

So many silver cigarette cases, however, are made only deep enough to take the thinnest—and cheapest—sorts of cigarettes, and some, though provided with a bar or band of elastic on each side, will really only take one row comfortably. If a silver cigarette case is chosen, take care that it is deep enough to allow two rows of cigarettes to lie in it without crushing, and to allow the case to be shut without a strain on hinges or clasp. Needless to say, when either of these is broken the case is worse than useless.

The great drawback of a silver case, to many men, is its bulk and its weight. Then, too, however carefully it is kept, it soon gets scratched and dented, and looks shabby.

As for the leather case, it is of course "quieter," cheaper and lighter. It will readily expand when filled—that is, if it is a good one, and none but good ones are worth buying. With constant use, however, the leather case shows signs of wear and consequent shabbiness quite as readily as a silver case, though in a different way.

THE MAN WITHOUT EXPERIENCE.

AND SOME OF THE FOOLISH THI HE DOES AND SAYS.

He is a quaint fellow, and as he is typi a good many, he will serve as a subject f inquiry. We call him "the drunkard." you will see later.

Let me take his characteristics one by one try to build up for you the man as he st and talks.

This, indeed, is his primary failing. moment he comes into the room he begi talk, and something in the way of spee coming from him until either he goes o we drift away with what decent, good manne can command, so as not to offend him.

To tell the truth, it would be a service to kind if one of us were to take him aside lecture him on his many defects of character

Not that he is wholly a nuisance or uninteres by any means. Far from it. He is, like man of unbounded energy and confidence, thing of a paradox, for above and beyond a irritating ways there is "just that" in him saves him from being merely insignificant.

He is incessantly talkative, as I have sa the worst of it is he is always talking himself. "I." It is ever "I" did this, the other, or all three, and several more besides.

A weak wag in the office once said he soon be blind, because he worked his "I's" cessantly. But unhappily he was out of ey

One of his favourite stories in the morning the effect that he had "such a night of it night." He began at the "Bull," and had there; then he went across the road and couple more there; then he met a friend, and had more at a third house—and so on.

Now, if there is one thing more irritating interesting, more painfully boring for a listen to it is another man's talk about the he had—or thinks he had.

We all know quite well that our little fr he is short, thick, and very fair—cannot take three drinks and remain coherent.

That is the annoying part of it, only worth telling him we know it. He believe it!

Another and equally objectionable habit little way of managing things when he is

Now, we are all more or less hard up as comes round—our little friend included whereas we, one and all, make no bones a matter, and get hold of half a crown from soever has it about him, our little friend has tricks.

He will cover up the fact as if it were thing to be ashamed of. Now and fact is dragged from him by a combina circumstances over which we have taken shall have no control. The result is that confused and looks a fool, often having fact that there was really no earthly need among his friends. He makes difficulti himself thus.

He is always trying to live up to "respectable" standard that he is in mor fear of appearing at a disadvantage. pursuit of his ideal we have known him a day without lunch simply because he was enough not to state the fact that he was porarily "broke."

This sort of reticence among old friends out of business, is annoying and is liable resented.

But for all his ways he has redeeming He is an athletic fellow, and can do many as well as any of us.

We suspect that the truth is that he has really had to rough it, that there has always a friendly hand to put him forward; and we allowances accordingly. Perhaps, all the experience will get him in its cruel fist change him.

R. V. DARBISHIRE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Trooper Kernahan's Move

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"That's it. Chuck him well into the middle of the room, Major. . . . Take the magazine off that table, Stephen, and let's turn the place into a proper operating theatre. . . . I'll be Æsculapius—only with a switch."

The delinquent—but eighteen summers had passed over his ruffled head—kicked vigorously. Held in the arms of the Sergeant-Major, Sergeant Hall, and one or two stalwarts of the rank and file, he was to all practical purposes as helpless as a trussed chicken.

His sin was a common one among recruits, who are firmly requested to refrain from pointing the muzzle of the Lee-Enfield at anything but a target. He had enough to commit the offence with a brother recruit as objective—"just for sport"—but when a revered and stately Sergeant-Major, on the flank of a party of four making for the Company Room, is openly threatened across half the drill-hall with the jocular phrase, "Money or life, Sergeant-Major!" the horizon is blackened.

Moreover, summary justice is the precept and practice of Squadron "B" in all small offences. An offender does not have to stroll about for seven cold days awaiting what is known as an "official row," by the Major commanding the squadron. He is dealt with promptly by a tribunal of his fellow compeers. He is, metaphorically speaking, either acquitted or strung up immediately.

The senior non-com. is placed in the chair. He assumes an air more grave than that of the Lord Chief Justice of England. He listens to the evidence, weighs it fairly, sums it up, and the majority decides the matter.

That is why the newly-joined Trooper Martell had asked the usual question.

"Would you prefer that your offence be dealt with by us or by the Major?"

He replied sensibly that he would prefer the former.

The trial took exactly two minutes, and the sentence of five strokes of the switch on a safe and certain part was decreed. The evidence for the prosecution was overwhelming, and the delinquent pleaded "guilty," promising he would never do it again." Whereupon the minimum punishment was imposed.

Sergeant Hall, by virtue of his rank, bore the brunt of executioner. There was, as written, a slight struggle, but thirty seconds saw Trooper Martell face downwards on the table.

Five flicks—it is a moral and not a physically painful lesson that the communal justice of the squadron wishes to inculcate—were inflicted in a manner that would not have deranged a whisker on a house-fly's off fore. And Trooper Martell, visibly impressed with the touch of reproval, as good recruits are, got up a little shamefacedly, and was promptly asked to join the company in a round of drinks at the expense of the Lord High Executioner.

"I've been through it same as you," said Sergeant Hall, putting down his glass and stretching out his legs in the wicker chair. "Lordy, I wonder how many present have not been on the table'?"

He looked round the room.

"Not one—even you, Kernahan, I think——"

"Hang it, that was years ago," said Trooper Kernahan, hotly. "It's unfair to twit a man after all these——"

"And what a sweet little chap you were," Sergeant Hall continued, dreamily. "Most angelic profile in the Regiment, and about as pretty as a prize pullet. Most angelic—and if you pointed your gun at anyone on the sly how you were——!"

"I don't know," said the Sergeant-Major, winking, "that it is good for the Regiment, Hall, to have too much of the gilt off Kernahan's gingerbread."

"That's all right. You leave it to me. The reminiscences of Kernahan require just a little leaven to show what an ordinary, bally, half-rocked——"

"Very well, Rupert," said Kernahan. "If I don't drag up one of your shameless *amours* and lay it bare before the whole Squadron after next drill, call me a—a Machine-gunner. Fire away!"

"That," said Sergeant Hall, "is exactly what I think you'd have liked to do in your young days. I tell you, in the summer, this chap used to hang over the sill of the billiard-room taking sighters at every one who passed beyond the low wall at the back——"

"You could just see their heads. Talk about running targets," Kernahan put in enthusiastically, "why, even now when I see the headgear of a postman or a policeman just visible above that wall I just burn to have a pot at 'em. Go on. I admit everything, Hall, beforehand. The Lee-Enfield's a noble weapon, and too pretty to be always pointed heavenwards."

"Yes, that's what you always seemed to think. . . . It was the camp of—oh, hang it all, I forget the year, but we were at Brynhilton, and just close to us, five miles to the west to be correct, the Midshires lay practising, like us, a lot of useless things just to give themselves a bit of an airing. They used to make 'emselves very nasty about us. Called us the 'Gentlemen Rankers,' and no end of nasty names, because the thoughtful authorities extended to the K.O. the privilege of decent accommodation. Bright, anonymous correspondents used to drop us little bits of atrocious verse, full of satire, about our spring mattresses, our wooden floors, our wash-hand-stands, and our scented soap—the last a malicious bit of exaggeration. I swear we none of us used anything but plain yellow stuff. Other sorts were always annexed. But we got the post-cards all the same, and we used to spend half the morning getting in stews about them. Ill-balanced lot we were in those days.

"Things being like that you can imagine how jolly glad we were to get a slap at these blighters. When it was announced that we were to manœuvre against 'em for points we all lifted up our voices and said the Lord had delivered them into our hands.

"'But no violence, Mr. Hall,' I remember the Sergeant-Major said. 'Be sure you behave like complete little gentlemen,' he said. And then he winked."

"That I swear I did not," said the Sergeant-Major. "Kernahan, I'm on your side against this libellous lagger. We'll scrag him after."

Sergeant Hall glanced at the Sergeant-Major, slily. "Well, it must have been a bit of brick-dust that got in your eye, Sergeant-Major . . . and to my certain knowledge, gentlemen, there wasn't the suspicion of a brick for miles. . . . We set out that morning with a look in our optics that betokened business. We were proud of ourselves as a part of a guerilla army working on our own initiative in no order in particular.

"I had charge of a lot of England's last hopes, who didn't care if the hand of the barometer indulged in the action of a lottery spindle. They were concerned partly with sticking in their saddles as hard as possible without over-bumping, and partly with the honour of upholding Sergeant Hall's——"

"Lusty Lancers," suggested the Sergeant-Major.

"Feeble Freebooters," Sergeant Hall amended.

"But you needn't think we caricatured ourselves like that at the time."

"Not us," Kernahan put in, with the expressionists' disregard for grammar. "We were the giddy Holy War. We were Mussulmans to the backbone. There was nothing of the book of wine, the glass of verse, and the Thou about us—no, not even the Thou that old Omar laid such particular stress on, Hall. (Always think you must be a lineal descendant of his.) We were fanatics, nothing more nor less. Why, we passed any heaven's amount of entrancing girls on the road, and Hall never as much as turned to wave—which, I may add, was usually a regular practice of his when manœuvring on his little own, Sergeant-Major. (Told you I'd pay you out, Sadgent!)"

"List not to yon inefficient muleteer," said Hall, pointing the finger of scorn at Trooper Kernahan. "Believe me, Sergeant-Major, when I tell you that despite the fact that the whole Regiment was, when the moon rose, indulging in a regularly brilliant night attack on the enemy, we denied ourselves the pleasure of moving about at some brass-hatted blighter's behest—" ("Thus does he speak of his Colonel," said Kernahan in parenthesis.) "and continued to consider ourselves (from our Commanding Officer's point of view) lost or captured sheep. We evaded no end of pickets and outposts and other candle-light card parties. Absolutely looked over the shoulder of one man who was declaring Misere at solo whist on the king, queen, and six of diamonds. (Shows you their class of intellect.) They didn't as much as challenge us. Result was that we got into their deserted camp. Almost made your flesh creep—all silent under the moon. We captured a stable-guard who was playing a game of Patience on an ammunition box.

"He cursed us for a lot of meddlesome blighters. Said that it was just beginning to come right after the eighteenth time when we interrupted him. Then he saw who we were.

"'Well,' he said, 'you've got some cheek to come capturing me. Don't you know your blessed army is routed. Don't you know we've got you, horse, foot, and guns?'

"That struck us as pretty unkind.

"'How do *you* know?' I asked him.

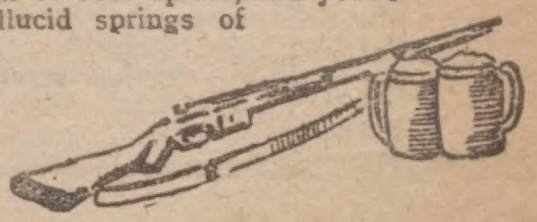
"'Ask the signallers up on the gentle rise to your right,' he said. We didn't trouble, however. We could read the messages from the other way. Pretty jumbled they were, too.

"'Doesn't matter,' I said. 'We, by superior force, are in possession of your base, and if that doesn't turn the points in our favour I'm a Dutchman. Nasty thing,' I told him, 'when you lose all your tenting, cartridges, and supplies.'

"'Doesn't matter much about the tenting,' he said quietly. 'We haven't got any spring mattresses to cry for. *We* don't depend on scented soaps to keep our complexions in trim. *We* can bivouac out, and wash at a brook. Also we can drink it,' he added.

"That set young Kernahan's soul on fire.

"'You can have all the brooks,' he said. 'Give us one good pint-can of beer apiece, and you're welcome to the pellucid springs of the Seven Rivers!'



"'I'm not the canteen,' said the Patience expert. 'It's over there where the light is.'

"'Accompany us, then,' I said, 'and you can have a can with your noble conquerors.'

"He objected, but we were the conquerors. We enforced our right by means of a gentle frog-march.

"When we got there, the hoodoo'd caterer, on the basis that he was a civilian pure and simple (I failed to observe the simple) refused to serve us. I forget, Kernahan, whether one of his reasons was that you did not appear to be over sixteen."

The Army List, that favourite "corrective" missile of outraged majesty in the Yeomanry Room, missed Sergeant Hall's head by the hundred-and-fourth part of an inch.

"Yes, my memory is hazy on the point," the Sergeant went on. "Anyhow he *did* refuse to serve us, and the misguided Kernahan, in the heat of his youth and the dryness of his thorax, presumed upon the civilian's fright of a lethal weapon.

"He made pretence to slip a cartridge into the magazine. Then he raised it, pointing it straight at the caterer.

"'A pint of beer apiece all round—at the double!' says Kernahan, and I was that thirsty that I winked the other eye at the raised gun—despite my moral duty as commander-in-chief of these gay bandoleros.

"But, by Romano's own Brown Mouse, you should have seen that caterer grease! Steward, it would have been the lesson of a lifetime for you to have clocked the exact period that elapsed between the giving of the order and the execution thereof. Inside a matter of seconds our fists were grasping earthenware tankards, and we were pouring the good beer down our throats. . . .

"'For Gawd's sake put that thing down, sir!' he caterer had said to Kernahan. Yes, he called the Lee-Metford—that was the pattern then—a 'thing.'

"It was not long, however, before we heard the row of the returning army, and now it was our turn to beat a strategic retreat, being utterly overwhelmed numerically. Still, technically, we scored for occupying the camp, and we assumed a retirement before a large force which lost us no points.

"As we rode off, the Patience expert shook his fist at us.

"'You'll hear more of this, you bally highwaymen!' he said.

"'Little Willie's evidently holding a brief for our pal the bar-keeper,' said Kernahan.

"It was then I remembered my position.

"'Yes. You've got yourself into a precious mess, young man,' I said. 'S'posing they report it, and it all comes up to the Colonel. You'll look very pretty won't you? Holding a gun at the head of a Volunteer is pretty bad, but when you make a potential target of an oily-haired civilian canteen-minder you're asking for it,' I said.

"'There's only one thing for it,' said Kernahan. 'I've made a mistake I know. But I'm going to engineer a better move to make up for it. Let us hie to the solo-whist party.'

"We hied.

"Kernahan went to them, asked for the non-com.-in-chief and explained the situation. They weren't playing cards when we rode up. They'd heard the row of the main body.

"They looked very serious over it.

"'The case is this,' said Kernahan, 'If we were pulled up before the Colonel, we should have to give details of all our movements, how we managed to pass the outposts and everything——'

"'Ah! Now you come to mention it, how did you?' asked the non-com.

"'Oh,' said Kernahan lightly, 'it was like this. One of you chaps—I believe it was you, corporal—was just going Misere on the six, queen and king of diamonds.'

"'Oh Lord!' groaned the non-com.

"'Yes, we saw the hand over your shoulder. Naturally,' says Kernahan, 'you couldn't bother over a measly lot of horse-copers playing at soldiers when you had the more serious game of solo whist on hand, the duty of the gentlemen present was to find the rash man who went Misere on that decidedly sporting chance.'

"He gave it full effect, I can tell you. And then he came in with a slasher—a real Kernahan slasher.

"'You wouldn't like us to mention to the Colonel that ——'

"'That we were playing cards—oh, no!' said the Corporal.

"'Fools! I didn't mean that,' says Kernahan. 'Haven't you any regard for your status as solo-whist players—the game you put before soldiering? Would you like it to be spread abroad that one of your humbles was such an ass as to go "Misere" on a king, queen, and six of diamonds! . . . Well, if not, hadn't you better ask your canteen-caterer to forget to-night's regrettable incident?'

"That, I must admit, was tactfully put."

Trooper Kernahan removed the briar at which he had been puffing thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Yes, and for all that move," said Kernahan, "when they got me back to camp, I found myself suddenly placed face downwards on the mess-table by willing—very willing—hands—convicted after a two-second trial, and sentenced to receive the customary five strokes of the switch for pointing a rifle at a civilian—and they did not temper justice with mercy in those days, either!"

EXACT INFORMATION.

HOW TO COLLECT AND KEEP INTERESTING FACTS.

The man who fills his head with uninteresting facts is usually a very dull dog.

You remark to him that you went to a certain play in the beginning of last week, and he promptly replies that it was not the beginning of last week, for the night on which you went was Wednesday, and that would more correctly be described as the middle of the week.

Men of this type may very well be classed as boors, and there are too many of them.

Having exact information in regard to necessary points is, however, a different matter, and the best way to get it is to keep a small notebook, which can be slipped into your waistcoat pocket, and to jot down into it various essential items as you may come across them.

For example, very few men in large cities know the name and address of the nearest doctor, but such information might, in an emergency, be of extreme usefulness. Find this out and make a note of it.

Note also the exact hour when the collections take place on Sunday from your local post-office.

You may not be in the habit of posting letters on Sunday, but the time may occur when this information may be of great use.

If, again, you are dependent on the railway or the tramway to carry you between your home and your place of business, you should find out, and make note of, the times of the first and the last trains and trams, and also have all available information as to facilities for Sunday travelling.

These are but a few items, but they indicate the lines upon which a handy little book of reference can be made by anyone who takes the trouble.

SPORTING OUTFITS

can be bought cheaply by means of an advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange.

See page 3 of cover.

IN A TIGHT CORNER.

A PHILOSOPHY.

There can be no royal road out of any t corner. If there were, the corner would not tight one, and to get out of it would call for more skill than shelling peas or shaving ones operations that may be done by anybody peas to shell or a three-days' beard to shave, very little practice.

The sort of corner I call tight is a very diffe business altogether. It may be a financial social, or a business, or even a sporting corner. You have generally walked into gradually, without being conscious of the that seem suddenly to rise up around and you, and that prevent you from going forw backward, or even sideways.

Every man who reads this will at once re nise the sort of corner I mean, for in all bability he has got out of many similar co himself, and may even find himself, as he re in one that appears tighter than ever.

In dealing with difficulties of any sort it always been an Englishman's privilege to "come on" rather than "go on. That is to he always remains in front of his difficulties never gets behind them to try and push forward. He defies them to advance, and them face to face.

Nevertheless, he finds many of these co pinch like a vice. They fix round a man's and thoughts, and get all round him like a pair of top boots that grip his feet and leg vice.

When he first realises that he is in a corne feels mentally just as he feels physically in top-boots. There comes a vague sort of idea these things will hang round him for the re his life, and that he will grow up in them and unable to shake them off.

But wait a moment and let us see if the any remedy. The man in a tight corner is s liable to make an initial mistake which som goes far to keep him where he is. On realising his position nothing is easier than "something desperate," and such things never, never of any real value to a man at a time.

Panic is not the solution of any tough pro Some men blow their brains out. Others p their difficulties to the world in other ways it may be taken as a truth, worked out aga again in practical life, that the desperate re is no remedy at all.

Whatever you do in a tight corner, do no way to panic and try and get out of it by master-stroke that will lay you out rather your enemy.

I have no copybook maxims on this o other subject, but I firmly believe that the game to play in any fix is a waiting game.

Keep your head, look around you, take bearings, and find out exactly how you do s

Cut out of your mind all the vague hal that have gathered there, and you will prised how often, even in the tightest co corners, you will still find room to turn rou

After all, the greatest fact about life is its sistence—its life, in fact—and this life innumerable squeezes. Most of us have more than the nine lives allotted to the dog cat, and we survive many dire rackets in their first appearance bade fair to end our existence.

Hang on, then. Just look back and reca other corner from which you escaped whole see if that one did not seem equally impossi escape from.

They have all solved themselves, one present one, though it may be damnably will gradually become easier, and you will out of it. No man thinks his past difficulties half as hard as the present one. But he's

Here then is my philosophy of tight co Do not let panic get the upper hand; and ber past tight corners, and how you laugh them now you have escaped.

F. W.

ON THE HILLS IN WINTER.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. —BYRON.

...ul as are the pleasures that a man may ...atifying his longing for the free and open ...e is none that exceeds, and indeed I ...u say, there is none that equals, the pleasure ...derived from roaming the hills. And of all ...hose of England are the most attractive in ...world.

...he man who feels no influence as he looks ...hills from afar, as he mounts their smooth ...springy turf, and he surveys the world below ...when he has reached the top, must be made ...e mould as the man who has no music ...oul. Something is lacking in him if he ...no response within him to the appeal of the ...al hills.

...t the hills are even more impressive ...mmer. When the plough has cut up ...at the base, and the corn has turned to ...r up the sides, the hills seem more a part of ...miliar and frequented countryside.

...OLATION

... are friendly; the chalky tracks that ...up to the rounded and calm summits are ...inviting. Herbage stretches right up to ...highest points; birds are as numerous in the ...y bushes of the exposed slopes as in the ...dges of the lowland; and the hum of ...nd the scents of wild flowers may be ...nd as well high up on the hill top as below.

...o too, in summer, the man who loves the ...s his eyes unto them and sees a small thin ...l against the sky, and he says, "There's ...e on the top of the hill."

...and many other incidents tend to rob ...of their everlasting isolation from the ...ue world and to give them the familiarity ...to breed contempt in all but those ...their character well.

...winter the hills are more remote. Many ...may look at them from the lowlands and ...leys, but it is with something of satisfac- ...their shelter. Well may one shudder with ... and damp as one looks up and sees ... clouds dipping towards, and then ...familiar peaks in their dark embrace. ...ch dark mists as brood about them there ...be all the elements of absolute desolation.

...T DISTANCES.

...brief spell of winter sunshine scarcely gives ... sufficient time for a prolonged stay ...; but the onset of night is an impres- ...h up there, without a sign of other ...anionship.

...n is already beginning his downward ... when you at last set foot on the highest ... For an hour or so you have walked ...y upwards, for the hills rise gently at first, ...y take their great leap into the upper air ... summit is unseen from the base.

...thing them the hills seem easily ... but as the distance shortens the earth ...to leap away in great bounds, ever higher ...gher, so that when, panting and hot, you have gained a ridge, you see still another ridge to scale.

And so the climb goes on. Then as the true summit is gained, the farthest limit of the opposite horizon comes into view.

Before and behind are steep slopes and wide landscapes. On the summit you are isolated; the land falls away all around, and what seemed high from below, is still higher as you look downwards.

You trace your way upward. There stands the last house in the village; by that hedge the footpath runs, and through that open and broken gate you at last left settled tracks and stepped from cultivation on to virgin turf, from the companionship of the signs of man's industry to the loneliness of the eternal, brooding hills.

THE LAND YOU LIVE IN.

Below you the patchwork land has a strange fascination. What a varied and delightful country you inhabit! And yet how different from the land you see when you are in the midst of it! This is one of the pleasures of hill-climbing.

But details on the lower land cannot keep your attention, for the influence of the hill itself will surely move you. The eyes sweep the land without resting upon its details. The hill seems to be conscious of the fret that is for ever going forward in the valley, and it makes you realise the littleness of much that you have left behind in the plain.

Out of the vast expanses of the sky the winds blow freely, and without sound. Here there are no trees to rustle and shriek, and only as it actually rushes past your ears do you hear the wind.

Soon the sun buries itself, apparently, right in the midst of a distant wood, and you watch the great red globe slip inch by inch into a fine setting of distant trees, purple haze, and mystery.

Twilight falls with unexpected swiftness. The sky is still illuminated with the afterglow, but the land lying below is already in gloom. The air, too, is very cold. You hang your stick over one arm and push both hands into your pockets to keep the fingers from numbness.

FROM CENTURY TO CENTURY.

It is even dark on the plain, and no lights have yet appeared. Familiar signs fade from view, and all is an unlighted, impenetrable blur. A few stars have shone out, and the afterglow is contracted to a short space in the south-west.

Now, indeed, is the time to think of the eternity that has passed upon these hills. Night after night, for innumerable centuries, the sun has left them grey and lonely as this evening.

For centuries to come they will stay here. Suns will set, winds will sweep over them, rains will lash their always exposed face, and the starlit heavens will glitter and sparkle.

It is then that you feel an uncomfortable isolation and littleness. Before you lived, before ages which are too long for you to comprehend, these hills looked upward to those stars. After you, after ages which are too remote for you to imagine, these hills will face those stars.

You are moved almost to quarrel with the mystery, to resent the indifference of the hills to you; to brood upon that less than point of space and time that your life, full as it may be, occupies, when compared with these confident hills.

And yet it is unwillingly that you descend, thinking for a solution of the insoluble.

A sound disturbs your musing. Looking up, you see that you have reached the high road again, and the level of trivial things, for an old man with a flickering lamp is groping his way across a farmyard. It is too dark when you reach home to distinguish the outline of the hills, but you recall the utter loneliness that wraps them round, and to-morrow you will look out at them with a quickened sense of wonder.

R. M. HALSTEAD.

THE CATERER.

TRIALS OF THE MAN WHO RUNS A SERGEANTS' MESS.

"Mine's a beer, caterer, and a little less mud this time, if you please."

If you are a civilian, with no acquaintance with Army ways, and you should some day find yourself in a sergeants' mess, do not look for trouble between the person addressed and the speaker, should you hear a remark like this.

The caterer aforesaid simply smiles, and indulges in the utterance of some apt remark, for a sergeants' mess is nothing if not a place for the manifestation of good fellowship.

In almost every case the caterer, who is a sergeant "struck off" all ordinary duties, has never had experience behind a bar.

And yet without an atom of previous training he must take his turn, and act as a kind of club steward, and woe betide him should anything go wrong.

His day is quite a full one, commencing at réveille (5 a.m. in the summer, and 6.30 a.m. in the winter), and ending about eleven or twelve at night.

With somewhere between twenty and sixty unmarried, or dining, members to feed, a bar for the sale of numerous drinks, tobacco, and so on, to keep going, and a pile of account books to be kept in order, he is a busy man.

But, like the Jack-of-all-trades that Tommy Atkins is expected to be, he falls into the groove of the work, and is soon so efficient and performs his duties so well that one would think he had made it a life study.

He is held responsible for everything in the building, from the salt-spoons to the mess piano, and from a cigarette to the latest silver cup won in some shooting match or cross-country race.

He orders articles of stock from tradesmen and superintends the cooking of the food. To enable him to keep the rooms clean and tidy, he is allowed from two to four waiters, private soldiers struck off duties in the same way as he is.

He it is who must keep the working machinery going smoothly, and he is responsible to the commanding officer of the regiment that it does so.

If one asks him how much water he had placed in the beer barrel that morning, he would take it as quite a matter of course. If no one solicited that and similar information at least ten times a day, he would begin to suspect that he had become unpopular with the members, and would be worried in consequence.

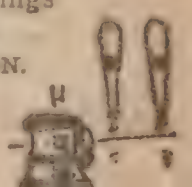
Everyone has heard of Tommy's liking, or rather habit, of "grousing."

When he becomes a member of the sergeants' mess, he does not dream of dropping it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have something in that line to say about his meals. But the caterer must steel his heart against all such things during his first week or so, unless he wishes to become an inmate of some asylum. Getting used to it is only a matter of time.

The caterer is generally pleased when his turn is finished, as the confinement indoors robs him of the fresh air and exercise to which a soldier is accustomed, and no one enjoys these blessings more than he when freedom is once more his.

O. MASON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

CANNING THE MILKMAN

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

The aged toper cast a fishy glance out of the window, as the unmistakable sound of a milk-cart pulling up disturbed the silence that reigned in the comfortable little shades-bar of a south-coast hotel.

The afternoon was dragging on its inimitable, out-o'-season dullness. The barmaid was wearing her out-of-season face and was occupied in knitting a tie which it was her intention to inflict on a callow youth who lolled over the counter, flirting with her, half the day. The aged toper read off the board on the milkcart.

"Abdy, late Gisson," he mused with a display of reviving interest. "Best milk business in the town, sir, and picked up for a song, too. Jimmy Gisson and I were very great friends—not that I was a'ter milk on the cheap. What little I had with my rum a-mornin's I could always pay for."

"Oh, yes?" I said, putting down the previous day's evening paper, the contents of which had been robbed of their freshness by reason of the fact that I had read most of the news in revised or contradicted form in the morning papers.

"Jimmy Gisson was a rare nice, pleasant, little fellow," the aged one went on, in whiskied accents. "Quite the sportsman—a judge of horseflesh, an' women, an' wine, an' milk. Everyone who was anyone dealt with him. All the poor people brought jugs for penn'orths o' the sky-blue-white an' all the big bungs owed him tidy accounts for it. You could see the pimples on yer face in the brasswork on his milk-cans, an' you could ha' eaten strawberries an' cream off his turnouts, they were that beautiful and clean.

"The harness on his horses was like a West-end saddler's advertisement, and every gee looked as if he'd been mixed up by a careless ostler what had taken him out of a gent's gig and put him into a milk-cart by mistake. That was the kind of horseflesh he had.

"The only thing he hadn't had the sense to add to his possessions was a wife. The pretty tradesmen's daughters (I mean the daughters were pretty, not the tradesmen) set their caps at him in vain, and the chaps who offered to be stud groom (best man, I should say) to him were legion.

"But it was no use. He used to say to me—

"'Major,' he used to say, 'if I were married, I should have to give up billiards—and there ain't a man to touch me at it hereabouts—also bettin' on horses, which is my favourite amusement, would have to go by the board. Furthermore, the money I spend on what are undoubtedly the best turn-outs in the town,' he says, 'would have to go on pretty bits of lingerie an' frills an' furbelows. No. I'm not adding women to my stock just at present, thank you. When I felt thirsty and wanted to go to a pub for a glass of beer,' he says, 'a wife would prove to me that milk was more nourishin', and ask why I didn't drink a half-pint of that.'

"Which, sir, was all wisdom, as you'll doubtless admit—and the sort of wisdom not usually found in the young man of to-day.

"Things went on like this for awhile, until one day a chap turns up at the milk-shop, and, telling the guv'nor that he's desperately hard up, says he's open to sell for spot cash a lovely little two-year-old filly. Gisson being the only man who'd got a bit o' ready he was forced to go to him.

"'She'll make a beauty when she furnishes a bit,' says this cove. And Gisson, subsequently running his eye over her, noted that she might.

"Now I knew this merchant, though to Gisson he was a total stranger. I knew him for a man what had gone wrong under Jockey Club, National Hunt, and, finally, Trotting Rules. They say 'Give a dog a bad name and you might as well hang him.' Well, if he wasn't actually socially hanged he'd got a lifer as far as his name went. No one would trust Tommy Cashell.

"He'd no chance to sell that gee of his as a trottin' horse. If she'd been as flawless as an archangel any one knowin' him would have refused to ha' bought her, though she was the last of his stud, and the one he'd kept in case they

ever had him back on the tracks. Times became so hard that it was all Tommy could do to find the staff of life and the butter substitute to spread on it for himself—let alone corn for the little filly.

"So he sold her to the unsuspectin' Mr. Gisson, and in due time she appeared in one of his newest turn-outs, and on state occasions he used to drive her out in his dogcart himself.

"Now, it happened that this filly was merely another one of those surprises o' breedin'. Her immediate sire and dam were nothin' to send up the price, but she traced back to somethin' what is to the trottin' world what Stockwell is to the racin'. And this was the class of horse she represented. She could go like the wind, and, when a Sunday mornin's spin with Gisson showed me what she could do in her untrained state, I told Jimmy Gisson about her ancestry.

"She'd had six months in the milkcart, and, like the rest of 'em, stopped by instinct at the rattlin' of the can without a touch of the rein—but from that morning she was never between the shafts of anything but a trotting sulky.

"Jimmy, in fact, put her into trainin' forthwith immediate, and for weeks after that his bookie lost a regular source of income, for all James studied was the trotting news in the 'Sporting Life,' and he had no time to pick out losers under Jockey Club Rules.

"In the meantime Tommy Cashell found a gold mine or a jay that shed banknotes instead o feathers—an' moulted all the year round into the bargain, I should think. Anyhow, 'way he comes back to his township and back to Jimmy Gisson.

"Mr. Gisson,' he says, 'I sold you for a song a little filly of which I happened to be very fond, her dam havin' carried me through the South African war,' he adds. 'I'm willing to buy her back and give you a handsome profit on that song,' he says.

"And the sum he named was a whole vocal score of a grand opera by comparison.

"'Thanks,' says James, 'but I'm not sellin'. Havin' heard of her pedigree,' he observes pointedly, 'I'm goin' to use her through a war—a war far more difficult than even the South African,' he says. 'She's goin' to carry my money in a crusade against the bookmakers. But thank you *very* much for your kindness, Mr. Cashell,' says Jimmy.

"With that Cashell gets to pleadin'. But it was no use.

"'*I* don't bear you any malice for sellin' me what might have turned out a bit of a pup, as far as drawin' milk-chariots is concerned,' says Jimmy. 'I don't mind telling you that for six months she pulled one of my carts, and, moreover, that the sound of a small can bein' clanked out of the rack to be filled at the big 'un was enough to stop her, she got that clever. he goes on, 'my trainer inf me that Lon Dillon, who b the mile record by d one minute fifty-eight half seconds at Memp U.S.A., in 1903, would have all her work to beat her—so there! Keep it to yours back her the first time out!'

"Well, sir, when James told me of that conv tion I was fit to eat him. I called him all the fools I could lay my tongue to. It was sin, nothin' less. Money by cartloads was his for askin' and now he'd gone and let on about it dead sharp like Tommy Cashell.

"'You must let me stage-manage this said to him. 'Take my tip, and don't your plums into the first act. Don't ha mare's constitution spoiled by allowin' her *worried* unduly in her first race or two.'

"And James acted on this advice. The never as much as got through her first heat. Woman's Tongue (as we named her—becau knew well enough she could go on for ever liked)—didn't make any undue splash on outings, for which the reinstated Tommy Cashell backed her for lumps.

"After the third time Tommy sees fit t James about his mare.

"'You were a little bit of a can not to back to me, weren't you Mr. Gisson?' he 'Doesn't seem to be so good as expected—h shaken the stable confidence hasn't she?'

"Of course, this was only to draw James.

"'Yes,' he says, simulatin' sorrow bachelor beggar talkin' about his sick wife his little diseased George, 'I'll sell for half figure you offered.'

"'See any green?' asks Tommy, pullin his eyelid. 'No you can keep Woman's Ton Mr. Gisson. Me and one or two chaps, who term the Syndicate,' he says, 'have got so *very* extra! One good turn deserves Watch her in the next big 'un at Imber We've called her Sweet Simplicity—to match Syndicate.'

"'Worth backin'?' asks James, very 'I want somethin' to get me out of the cart.

"'Rather. But keep it to yourself,' says

"Now, James came to me in high glee this, and when he told me how he'd offered Woman's Tongue, and how Tommy had jumped at the offer, I said we should be get a price about ours at Imber Park, and make Tommy Cashell and his precious sy the pie-cans. Savvy?

"Well, that great day at Imber Park along.

"The surprise packet was that some idiots had set up a soda-and-milk stall down the side of the track. We suspected of racecourse missionaries were gettin' to the sport of Trottin', and we guffawed Otherwise everything was conservative altered. There were still the usual metallicians, still the diamond-cut-diamo and still the sportin' side of the gatherin'

"In the big event Woman's Tongue and Simplicity both won their respective heats

"'All the better,' says James, 'when Simplicity won—just a little too easily discreet—we shall get a price about our final.'

"And despite the alleged 'cuteness Cashell, they made Sweet Simplicity (to m Syndicate, ha! ha!) favourite.

"Then, when the heats for the other eve been decided, the track was cleared for the

"Now, Jimmy was absolutely balmy I can't call it anything else.

"'We've got this precious Sweet Simp dicate by the short hairs to-day,' he said. a soda-and-milk,' he said, 'that they'll be refresh 'emselves with after the result event. While we,' he says, 'we shall be in champagne.'

"And with that he emptied the pro milk business to date, and a bit extra be emptied it all, sir—that's what I call plucked 'un—on Woman's Tongue.

... to his money. Could you ask for a ... price for a certainty, sir?"

... he said, producing a ha'penny and a ...thing, "for all that she was a certainty, and ... victory would have put me well in front; that's ... rength to-day. That shows she was not a ... you say? You allege I'm speaking Irish. ... don't even drink it. In the race, sir, ...man's Tongue came away with the clearest of ... and if Sweet Simplicity had been named ...by's Arguments, it couldn't have been more ...opriate. The syndicate's gee, though well ...d of the other competitors, was streets ...ind our mare.

'Lordy, what a dance!' says Gisson. 'What ...e your flyer now, Mr. Cashell?' he says to ...mmy, who was standing near by.

'Then we turned our glasses on the track ...n. All of a sudden from where that soda-...milk buffet was, came the jangle, jangle, ... of unmistakable milk-cans, and all of a ...een our mare stopped, and with such sudden-...s that the man with the ribbons did the Grahame-...te act without any aeroplane.

'Great Scott! What the deuce is up?' says ... Gisson, distracted. 'What in hell is the ... doin'? Holy snakes, I'm ruined,' he said,

... so you ought to be,' says Tommy ...ell, brutally. 'When a man's got a milk-...riot-trained horse which will stop at the ...est sound of a small milk-can bein' pulled out ...s metallic rack I reckon it's flauntin' Provi-...ce,' he says, 'to put her to the low uses of the ... eternity.'

...st then Sweet Simplicity passes the judge, ... Tommy leaves us.

'Ta-ta, dear boys,' he said. 'Dessay you ... I'm goin' to amuse myself by gloatin' over ...ory of Sweet Simplicity in the champagne ... on the contrary'—he produced a little ... I'm off to the soda-and-milk stand just to ...nether the Syndicate have made any profit ... little side-speculation.'"

...OCKEY ON THE RINK.

... EXCITING, IF RISKY, PASTIME.

...t is ... as easy to play hockey on a rock ... or lava floor as it is to play hockey on the ... and those who have indulged in this fine ...me on an ice-bound piece of water—as, for ...nce, the fen-dwellers, who hold this sport in ...steem—will, after getting used to the ...d it every bit as exciting as the outdoor ...me.

... it lacks atmospherically it makes up for ... added danger. There is no denying that ...ent—in fact, it is more than tacitly conceded ...ose who manage rinks, for there is often a ...qualified nurse attendant on the staff.

...e are even places where an improvised ...ital is attached to the building, and those ... are at all nervous may rest assured that the ...test care and attention is paid to those who ... grief when patronising the rink.

...ever, those who play hockey or other ... rollers will have got over their nervous-...ss will think no more of "bullying" on a lava ...n on the ordinary ground.

... ordinary novice, who does not aspire to ... on the rink, is often a source of much ...ement to the spectators, but he is something ... his fellow-performers—he is a nuisance ...n degenerates into a danger, for even an ... on wheels is not proof against a heavy body ...ing into him at full speed, and a novice of ... proportions can bring down several ...les when his feet fail him.

... ought not to be allowed the use of the ... they know how to manage the rollers. ...lon of the rink should be set apart for ... done at some rinks.

...g this, the rink should be open at ... for learners only.

WHAT THEY COST, AND WHY MEN LIKE THEM.

In every man's heart of hearts there is a desire, more or less admitted, to be able to ride a horse.

The farmer's son learns to ride at an early age, for to him the horse is one of the most obvious means of getting from one place to another. The farmer's son who could not ride would be something of a novelty.

There are others whose work does not bring them into contact with horses, but who, nevertheless, want to be able to hold their own upon the back of man's best friend.

It would be difficult to explain the reason why practically all the mounted units of the Territorials are full up, whereas many of the unmounted units are still requiring recruits. Probably one reason is that the average healthy young townsman feels something of the desire I have mentioned, and he joins the Territorials chiefly in order to learn to ride.

TERRITORIAL TUITION.

The method of tuition in the Territorial riding-school is not of the most encouraging kind.

The raw recruit is mounted, and generally placed at the end of the string. He has to jog round with the rest, and to do his best at cantering, galloping, inclining, and so forth. During that hour life to him is not over-sweet, and his only comfort is that the Sergeant-Major's tongue, when directed towards himself, is not quite so bitter as when levelled against the older recruits.

Unquestionably, the most pleasant method of learning to ride is in a civilian riding-school.

Perhaps you have a friend in the country who is keen on riding, and who offers to teach you, but, being an expert himself, he cannot understand the difficulties of the novice, and he does not realise that he is doing the thing best calculated to break your nerve by putting you on a fresh horse, and giving it a whack across the rump.

CIVILIAN METHODS.

The riding-master in a civilian school, on the other hand, although a skilled rider himself, is accustomed all day long to teaching the greenest of beginners, and he does not press you forward more rapidly than your accomplishments demand.

He puts you on a slow-going hack to begin with, and gradually gives you a fresher mount, until at last you enter into the seventh heaven of delight on his informing you that the horse you are now riding is one which they have just purchased, and one that nobody but himself has hitherto put a leg across.

With a good teacher, the best thing the pupil can do is to place himself entirely in his hands, and to do his utmost to follow his every instruction.

About a riding-school there are, however, several people besides the riding-master who can give you useful tips, and an occasional sixpenny tip to the stableman may bring you a good deal of valuable information.

The prices charged by riding-schools vary, but the following terms will be a fair guide as to what you ought to pay, as they are those charged by one of the best riding-schools in London:—

	£	s.	d.
Single lesson		7	6
6 lessons	1	10	0
12 lessons	2	14	0
36 lessons	6	6	0
1 month, giving you the right to ride an hour a day	3	3	0
12 months, with the same privileges ...	21	0	0

It will be seen by a consideration of these items that there is the usual reduction for quantity—the more lessons you take, the cheaper each lesson becomes.

EXPERT PUPILS.

Many of those who take "lessons" at London riding-schools are already expert horsemen, who do not require tuition, but who realise the advantage and the cheapness of this scheme for getting as much riding as they want.

It is all right for you to keep a horse of your own if you live in the country, but that plan is not satisfactory if you live in town, for it is not pleasant to ride a horse through city traffic. A canter round a well-ventilated riding-school, with a bath afterwards, is much more pleasant.

Provincial readers can doubtless get as good terms by bargaining with their local jobmaster.

A. K. MASTERS.

COACHMEN.

SOME LONDON TYPES.

To the man who is keen on horses, one of the most interesting experiences possible is a walk round the theatre area of London—that is to say, round Leicester Square, Cranbourne Street, and the Haymarket—about ten minutes before the theatres discharge their audiences.

Unfortunately (the lover of horses will say) the majority of the vehicles waiting are motor-cars, but here and there you find the good old-fashioned carriage and pair, or the single-horse brougham, which cost much less than a motor-car, and look ten times better.

The coachmen in charge are worth studying.

Many of them—one might almost say the majority—are of the hard-faced, supercilious-expressioned, menial type. They are men-servants, competent to drive a horse or a pair of horses, and that is all that can be said about them.

Here and there, however, one finds among these coachmen a fresh-faced youngster who has chosen this method of earning a living because of his love for horses, and his desire to be with them.

To him a horse counts for almost everything. His "gentleman"—by which term he describes his master—must be attended to dutifully, but, however considerate his "gentleman" may be, he is never such a friend as the horse between the shafts, who, to the enthusiastic coachman, is his fellow-worker and best pal.

If you happen to speak to him, his reply comes back in broad Berkshire or Devonshire, with the same tonic effect to your ears that his healthy colour and his honest expression have already had upon your eyes.

The older coachman laments the preference that gentlefolk show for the motor-car. The younger coachman admits that the motor-car has its advantages, but he also reminds you of the fact that a man can't give an engine a bit of sugar, or make friends with it.

Volumes might be written about horsemen of every class and of every kind, but in London when the theatres come out you have an opportunity of observing, first hand, some varied types of coachmen.

G. SMITH.

"PUBLIC" TELEPHONES.

A SCANDAL THAT NEEDS LOOKING INTO.

Telephones are for public use—we are all aware of that. But not all of us are aware that telephones are public in a way that is a scandal and a danger to every one who uses them.

There has been a steadily growing outcry against this other, and objectionable, sort of publicity by telephone, of late, and instances are multiplying which tend to show that often a telephone conversation between two people is overheard by those who have no business to overhear.

It is of course well known that all telephone operators can, if they wish to do so, listen to the conversation of those whom they are supposed to serve.

An instance of this sort of interference and dishonesty occurred only the other day to the writer. Telephoning over a long distance (I will not here specify exactly where) I was engaged in an important conversation with a friend. Both of us were taking notes of matters that were discussed between us.

The conversation was ended, and I was just hanging up the receiver when a strange voice sounded over the wire.

I asked the name, but none was forthcoming. I asked the locality whence the voice spoke, but here again I was not supplied with the information.

All the satisfaction I got was to hear various remarks on the conversation I had been holding, and then followed the operation known as being "cut off," and all was a dead silence.

From this I could only gather that someone, unknown to me and most probably unknown to my friend, had listened to every word.

All of which was most unsatisfactory to me.

It is not always possible for a third party to avoid hearing certain portions of telephone conversations. He may ring up an exchange and ask for a number. While waiting for it it often happens that other conversations are inadvertently "tapped"; but the unwilling listener can only wait and hope that he is indeed being put through.

If he closes down and goes away he loses his call, for the expected "hallo!" comes at any moment, no matter what other matters are going forward over the same wires.

The conversation overheard by the writer on one occasion concerned some stones which one of the parties talking was anxious should be made to look "like the real thing"—diamonds, I suppose.

The man at one end gave elaborate directions as to mounting, and so on, which the other man took in and probably put into practice.

Another recently overheard conversation was one which took place over the wires between a young man and the girl who was obviously, from what they said, going to marry him shortly.

All sorts of personal and intimate, and even sacred, words were spoken by these two, who little thought that a third person was being forced to hear at least part of the conversation.

It is not difficult to see how all sorts of unpleasantness may arise through these overheard conversations. Not the least objectionable possibility is that something heard, by those who should not have heard, may be used for purposes of blackmail.

Not every conversation over the telephone is a mere chat between friends; and the just and unjust, who have twopence to spare, have an equal right to the wires.

There may be, and possibly there have been, occasions when, with due authority, and with the consent of the highest powers, the telephone has been deliberately tapped for the purposes of circumventing schemes of those who would break the law.

This sort of thing can, of course, be safely trusted to those who are entitled to do so; but it should be made quite clear to the general public, for their reassurance, that their use of the telephone will be secure against the designs of rogues.

H. M. BROWN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS.

I take this opportunity of thanking most heartily all those friends who have so kindly written to congratulate me.

I have done my best to write to each personally, but I trust that, under the circumstances, those whose letters I have not been able to deal with will accept this brief acknowledgment of my feelings.

I am also deeply indebted to those who have sent me useful information.

FERRIS AND SELBY.

I am happy to learn that my decision to run a Selby story and a Ferris story alternately has met with the approval of all those readers who have favoured me with letters on the matter.

Selby, as a fair representative of the typical young Englishman who is making his own way, and has the requisite strength to get it, naturally appeals to all of us.

But there is also an element of great attraction in Mr. Wade Lang's stories of Ferris. The doings of this plausible scoundrel make fascinating reading, even though we cannot give him that sympathy which we instinctively give to Selby.

It would be interesting to know the result if Selby and Ferris happened to cross swords.

Somehow or another my own feeling is that Selby should win.

SHARES.

Again I print an Application Form for shares for the convenience of those who desire to participate in the success of THE MODERN MAN. It appears on page 2 of the cover.

THE UNIFORM.

Some time ago I received a letter from a reader who is an enthusiastic member of the Territorials.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me," he wrote, "whether a Territorial is entitled to wear his uniform to drill? Some six months ago, my chum and I joined the Territorials at S——, a small town about six miles distant, and we have to walk there and back to drills twice a week.

"We have to leave our work at 6.15 p.m. to get there to drill by 7.30 p.m. The roads are in a rough state, and very hilly. Needless to say, we have to be back again the same night.

"I do not grudge the time or the walk spent in attending my drills, but what I do complain of is that we are not allowed to wear our uniform to drill, not even our Territorial overcoats in the roughest of weather, and I feel not a little sore to think that I cannot wear the uniform representing that grand Force to which I feel so proud to belong.

"I must say that the Territorials have always held a keen fascination for me, and my chief object on joining was to try to induce others to join, so that we could start a Company in our own town of K——. As you know, uniform goes a long way towards drawing recruits."

I reproduce only a section of his letter, and it struck me at the time that it was quite possible that he and his friend did not possess serviceable overcoats of a civilian character, and that, therefore, they might have to trudge this long way in bad weather, without sufficient protection from the elements.

I therefore wrote to my correspondent, asking him to give me further information, and requesting to know who had issued the order that uniform was not to be worn at drills.

This is his second letter:

"In answer to your very kind letter, I am sending you full particulars, as you requested. The order came from the Company's Sergeant-Major, and, to make perfectly sure that I had made no mistake, I asked him at the next drill, and he said that on no account must we wear our uniforms to drill unless he gave us orders. What his motive is in giving such instructions, we do not understand."

GOOD OFFICERS AND OTHERS.

This sort of thing is rather heartening to myself and to other editors who have done our utmost to bring in recruits to the Territorial Force.

With most units, there is a sort of understanding that a man need not turn up in uniform to evening drills. That understanding is due to the fact that in many cases it would be impossible for him to change into uniform after his day's work, but he is not in any way forbidden to wear uniform if he desires to do so.

The uniform is unquestionably the thing that first interests a possible recruit in military matters. It brings recruits to the Regular Army, and it brings them to the Territorials also, and it seems to me a scandalous thing that a Sergeant-Major should be permitted to make any such rule. That Sergeant-Major badly wants to be sat upon, and the officer commanding the Company is the man who should put him in his place.

I regret to say that, during my personal experience of Territorial matters, I have come across many officers who did not have the welfare of their men at heart, and who became officers simply because they thought it rather a fine thing to have a commission.

In justice to the majority of Territorial officers, I must say here that I have found most of them to be most keenly interested in the welfare and the comfort of their men.

Here, however, we have a case of an officer of the other type. I should like to know whether he himself turns up at these drills, whether he manages to have a chat with his men quite unofficially afterwards, and whether he does his best for the Force by finding out any possible grievances that the men may have.

At the moment of writing, I have not discovered the name of the gentleman who has command of my reader's Company, but it is quite possible that I may deal with him more fully.

BANK CLERKS.

A reader in Leatherhead asks whether I think that bank clerks are on the whole good sportsmen.

"There is," he says, "a common idea that bank clerks are not good sportsmen. I hold that they are."

The first time that I was brought into contact with a bank clerk was while he was recovering from the effects of studying for a certain examination.

I worked night and day till the examination was finished, and on leaving the examination-room immediately took train to a small farm in the country, some twenty miles distant, where I awaited the result.

The result was eminently satisfactory, but that does not concern this story.

This was in the days when I could not afford to keep a horse of my own, and those readers who are keen on riding may imagine my pleasure when the farmer with whom I was staying introduced me to a friend of his who was a member of the Yeomanry, and who kept a hack which he wanted exercising. The result was that I was at the house of my friend's friend, and brought the horse back to the farm, and during the next few days night I was in the saddle most of the time.

Riding men are rather difficult to find, but I came across one who was a clerk in the local bank. He lived at his father's farm, rode in each morning to the village where the bank was, and rode back again at night.

I did not, on any occasion, accompany him on his morning rides, for I was taking the morning off and sleeping late, but evening after evening I met him at the bank door, and we went for a ride together.

He was one of the best in every way, and in remembering him, I feel very kindly towards bank clerks, and my opinion of them is more than good.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE TIME OF LAMBS.

WHEN THE SHEPHERD WORKS AND WATCHES ALL NIGHT LONG.

All the world may go to bed, or at least retire to shelter of farm and cottage, when the sun goes into a purple haze and a chill falls upon the land; but not quite all the world. For one man must be out and about from now until the lambing season is once more over.

It is the shepherd's busiest time. When you see him perhaps on a long and hot summer day, standing motionless, leaning on a crook, looking far afield at his flocks in the valleys at the hill foot, it seemed hardly your idea of a man of action and unless your ideal of one. His slow movements and the unchanging focus of his eye seemed to suggest that he was a slow-witted fellow, only fit for watching sheep.

But see him now, in these sharp and changeable days between winter and spring, when the ewes are dropping their lambs.

With nightfall he is out and off to the fields. He does not appear to be too warmly clad for being out in such weather at such an hour. But in reality the activity demanded of him serves well to keep his blood from freezing and his limbs from becoming numb and clumsy before actually becoming helpless. He has constant work to do.

From the brow of the hill-field he can just make out the line of hurdles interlaced with straw, with a stiffening here and there of willow or hazel staves. These are the temporary and improvised lambing-pens he has rigged up, so that the skimpy, thin-voiced, long-tailed, little lambs may find some tempering protection from the world's first cold welcome.

There is much bleating, which grows into a confused jangle of voices on different notes as he draws near the pens. Sometimes he can hear the mothers bleating out their solicitude for the newly-born youngster; sometimes the thin, shrill cries of the youngsters themselves break into the deeper chorus. The sound never ceases.

The pens are crowded with the sheep, and all the while he is on the move, watching at every point and doing all that homely skill and the experience of many similar seasons have suggested to preserve alive every shivering lamb that is born.

In the darkness his big lantern is seen incessantly moving as he passes round the pens, counting the ewes.

It is his pride that no other shepherd hereabouts has such a record for successful lambing seasons behind him. Seldom is it that he loses one.

In the last extremity he will pick up the half-frozen lamb and carry it back to his cottage, and put it alight all night on these occasions.

At regular intervals his wife will wake and come down to see that all is well. She takes care to have a well-trimmed lamp on the table, and sometimes just near enough to the fire to keep so, for her husband returns.

By the fire the shepherd will lay the apparatus of little mass; and then he will watch the battle between life and death for possession of the body.

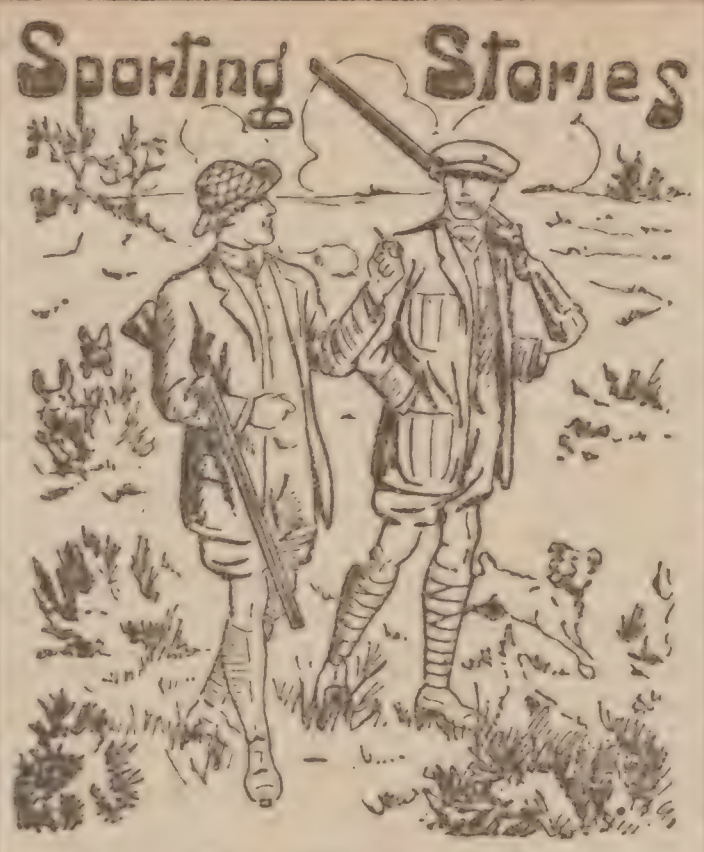
He cannot stay long at home on a doubtful night, and he is soon off again to the pens.

The wind grows keener as the night grows old; a little thin snow begins to slither down, and the shepherd fears a blizzard on the morrow. This is the worst enemy, for the wind is more destructive to the young flock than much cold.

He passes again round the pens, making sure that they are as nearly as possible wind proof.

Even when the daylight returns and he is relieved by the second man he does not quit the pens until the last moment. For he has a reputation to lose, and under his outwardly unfeeling rough and ready ways there is an unsuspected tenderness for the shivering little lambs.

C. D. CHARLTON.



THE NOBLE ART.

The mild young gentleman, having read in a certain paper that every man ought to have a knowledge of self-defence, betook himself to an instructor of boxing, arranged terms, took off his jacket and vest, put on the gloves, and started to learn things.

"This," said the professor, "is the way you do it!"

With that he landed the pupil a sounding thwack behind the ear.

When the pupil recovered consciousness he said:

"May I ask whether it was necessary for you to knock me down like that?"

"Not at all," said the professor. "Far from it. There were three hundred and forty-six other ways in which I could have knocked you down.'

STRUGGLING.

"Did you," asked the kind-hearted lady, who was making the round of the prison, "struggle as much as possible against the consequences of temptation? Did you fight hard against them?"

"Some call them one thing, ma'am," said the convict, "and some call them policemen, but I struggled hard enough. It took seven of them to bring me to the station."

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The young man had just been married, and he was starting off for his honeymoon, accompanied only by his valet—and, of course, by his bride.

He had read hundreds and hundreds of the funny stories that are told about newly-married couples, and, above all things, he desired that no one should guess that he and his wife had only recently been made so.

"On the pain of dismissal," he said to his valet, "don't tell anyone that we are newly-married."

All went well for a time, but, on departing from an hotel where they had been staying, the young man observed that the servants were talking together, and looking at him very pointedly.

He heard one say to the other: "That's him!"

It was not the grammar that troubled him, so much as the unnecessary interest that everybody seemed to display in him and his wife.

When they were in the train he tackled his valet about it.

"I'm going to sack you," he said. "I could see by the way those hotel servants looked at us that they knew that we were newly-married, and only you could have told them."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said his valet, "I would like to say that you are wrong. I remembered what you told me, sir, and when the servants asked questions, I said that you and your lady would not be married till a fortnight hence."

BOXING ABUSES.

SOME YANKEE TRICKS.

Thanks to the excellent sportsmanship shown by the majority of British boxers, this sport has, so far as we are concerned, remained comparatively free from abuses, but in America it is an entirely different matter, and certain influential American sportsmen have recently set themselves the task of putting things right.

The facts that they have brought to light are astounding.

It appears, for example, that certain American pugilists have the inside of their gloves smothered with plaster of Paris. They wet their hands before putting the gloves on, with the result that the plaster stiffens up, and makes the gloves as hard as a brick.

This sort of trick is generally engineered by the fact that hitherto many so-called seconds have been allowed into the ring. Screened by the seconds, the boxer puts on these prepared gloves without the knowledge of the referee.

To prevent these and similar abuses, the rule has been made that no boxer shall be permitted to have in the ring with him more than two seconds.

Another trick of the Yankee boxer is to work the padding away from that part of the glove where his knuckles come, so that, to all intents and purposes, he is fighting with bare fists.

Another trick is to bandage his hands with specially prepared felt before he puts the gloves on, so that his blow is practically like that of a sledge-hammer.

It would be interesting to know the fate of a boxer in this country if the audience discovered him trying any of these little games.

W. LESLIE.

THE SPORTING TIMES

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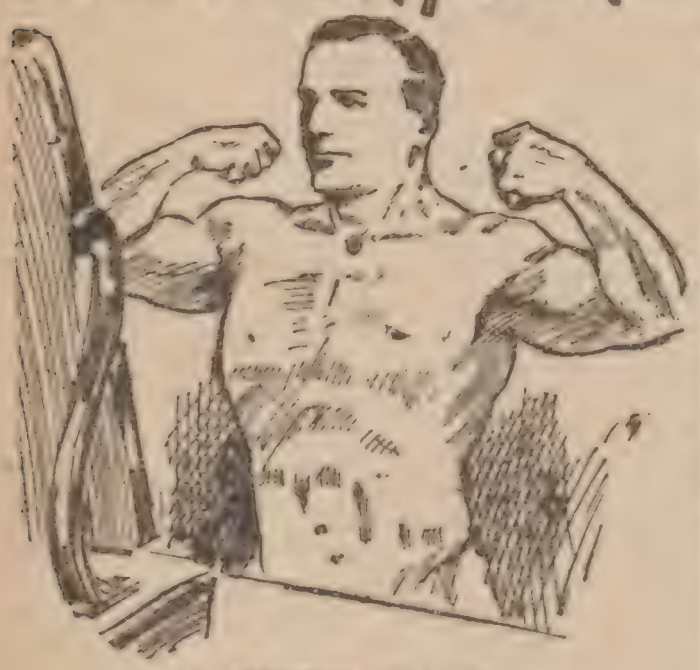
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE USES OF A MIRROR.

One of the greatest aids to the physical culturist who treats his exercise scientifically is the looking-glass.

It is not possible to practise every exercise before a mirror, but in many cases this can be done, and you will see exactly the muscles that are being worked.

If you have not a long glass available, make the best use you can of your dressing-table glass.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

The exercise here illustrated is one of the simplest and most effective exercises for the man who practises physical culture for health and not for any abnormal development of muscle.

Simple, but most effective.

Lie at full length on the floor and place the hands underneath the head with the arms flat on the floor.

Now tense all the muscles of the legs, keeping them rigid, with the feet close together, and raise the two legs as shown in the sketch.

Continue the movement as far as possible, as if you were trying to shut yourself up like a pair of scissors.

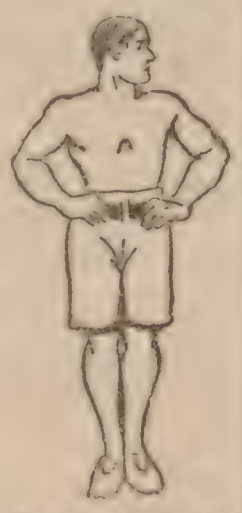
Then return the legs *slowly* to the floor, and repeat the process several times.

At the moment when the legs are at an angle of about 45 degrees with the floor, the strain on the abdominal muscles will be very great, but the legs must not be allowed to pause in this position, nor must they be jerked up to the perpendicular. Even if it requires a considerable effort of will, the movement must be slow, steady, and continuous.

The exercise will aid in the development of the thigh muscles, but is principally intended for the strengthening of the muscles of the abdomen, which are among the most important in the body as far as bodily health and vigour are concerned.

FOR NECK AND SHOULDERS.

As I have pointed out before, there is no part of his body to the development of which a man should pay more attention if he wishes to appear well proportioned and well developed than his neck.



Do not pause in this position.

This exercise, if properly practised for a few minutes morning and evening, will greatly develop the sterno-mastoid muscles on either side of the neck and the trapezius muscles of the shoulders.

Stand at attention, with the body drawn up to its full height, and place the hands lightly on the hips.

Now rotate the head slowly to the left, forcing it as far round as it will go.

Without pausing in this position turn the head slowly back until the chin is over the right shoulder, and continue the movement about a dozen times. Keep the head up all the time, and do not allow the chin to sink on to the chest.

A PHYSICAL CULTURE PAGEANT.

An interesting proposal was recently made at a meeting held in connection with the Coronation Festival at the Crystal Palace.

It is suggested that a series of national physical culture displays should be held, in which squads from various parts of the United Kingdom will compete.

The displays would consist of free gymnastics, massed drill and physical exercise, and if the movement is taken up as it deserves to be, they will be on a scale hitherto unknown in this country.

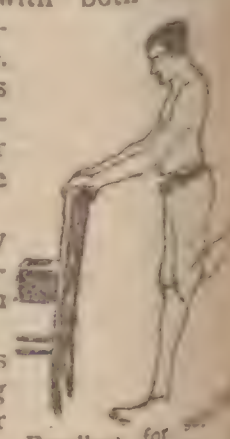
On the Continent such displays are far more common, Sweden, of course, being among the leaders in this respect; but up to the present there has been very little combination among British physical culture enthusiasts.

Such a display would undoubtedly have an enormous effect in promoting the cause and encouraging many to take up physical culture who would otherwise never have dreamt of it, while the keen rivalry between the various districts represented would prove a great incentive to those already interested in the development of their bodily powers.

A LEG DEVELOPER.

Stand erect about a yard away from the back of a chair or the end of a bedstead, and rest the hands lightly on the top rail.

Grasp the top rail with both hands, and raise the left leg backwards from the knee. Force it up as high as possible, but on no account move the upper part of the leg above the knee.



Excellent for supple knees.

Return the foot slowly to the ground, and repeat the process with the other leg.

Tense all the muscles of the leg that is being raised, and keep the other steady.

The hands should only rest lightly on the chair, as there should be no difficulty in maintaining the balance without assistance.

The exercise will tell chiefly on the biceps of the thigh and the large muscles at the back.

BOW LEGS AND KNOCK KNEES.

There is probably no subject on which I receive more correspondence than that of the deformities of the legs, commonly known as "bow legs" and "knock knees."

The former trouble is usually produced by allowing children to walk too much before the legs are really strong enough to carry the body. This is a point on which every parent should be most careful, for the damage is easily done, but is very difficult to correct as the child grows.

In this case exercises are of comparatively little use, and I know of no better cure than the old-fashioned one of sleeping with a pillow or other large pad between the ankles and keeping the knees together as tightly as possible.

This must be done regularly every night.

"Knock knees," on the other hand, are usually due to weakness of the legs, and if this is the case, all exercises intended for the development and strengthening of the legs should be practised as much as possible.

The simple remedy mentioned above, however, may be adapted to cure this defect also, a pillow being placed between the knees and the ankles strapped together.

An interesting test of the straightness of the legs is to stand with your feet together and attempt to hold a penny between your bare knees.

If you can keep the coin in place while standing perfectly upright you certainly have no tendency to bow legs.

To keep "fit" try a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of
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ROBINSON'S PROGRESS.

From Shoreditch to Park Lane.

Robinson is the managing director of one of the biggest businesses in the Kingdom. His real name stands for that business, and everybody knows that he has made it out of his own brains.

Robinson moved into Park Lane last week. Now it is well known that as a little office boy Robinson came up into the City from Shoreditch. So everybody wants to know how he made the journey.

Robinson makes no secret of the fact that it is the constant use and study of one book that has brought him from Shoreditch to Park Lane. All honour to him.

Robinson's First Start.

The firm where Robinson was employed as a boy had a set of the "Business Encyclopædia" lying about the office for the use of the staff. And Robinson, the boy, got into the way of going to it when anything puzzled him about his work.

There was a sudden row one day over a missing letter. There were other boys in the office, but it seemed to astonish the manager somewhat that little Robinson was the only one who was able to explain that under the Card-Index system this particular complication could not occur.

He was put in charge of the letters within a week, and henceforth everything ran like clockwork. Because every system of letter-filing is explained in the "Business Encyclopædia," as well as all details of office organisation and all business information whatever.

This incident convinced him more firmly of the value of the "Business Encyclopædia" to a youth who wants to succeed in business ; and he determined to have a set of his own. He bought the "Business Encyclopædia" on the publishers famous system of easy payments.

Meantime he was just a very ambitious head office boy. He took a steady course in practical book-keeping. He did not pay heavy fees to a Tutorial Business College ; he studied his "one book" at night and wrested the whole art of book-keeping from it.

He got a clerkship on the strength of his book-keeping knowledge. But when he had been clerking quite a long while, it appalled him to consider what a number of men there were who, once becoming clerks, remained at the same dead level for the rest of their lives.

Before the yearly balance came on, he had grasped the fact that the Balance is the objective of all book-keeping. And so he was able, in the temporary absence of the auditor, to draw up a balance-sheet in a way that drew a compliment from the head of the firm ; incidentally this caused a rise in his salary at the end of the year.

There was consternation in the firm's office one morning when the news came that the old stager who had attended the County Court for years had dropped dead as he was going to sit down to breakfast.

But as Robinson was able to show that he knew all about County Court work—there are sixty-nine references in the Index under points connected with County Courts alone, and Robinson had mastered them all—he found himself in the County Court within an hour, and using the somewhat difficult County Court knowledge he had made himself master of with the greatest ease in the world. Incidents of this sort happened frequently.

"The Man Who Knows."

Robinson was sent for as a matter of course when a difficulty arose ; and as he studied his "one book" more and more faithfully and intelligently, he was always able to solve the difficulty.

Robinson's chance came at last—as it mostly does come to those who keep themselves ready and fit to take it, all talk about bad luck notwithstanding.

A certain department was in a very bad way—Robinson was made head of this department, the arrangement being that he was to be paid by results. He often declared that the next two years were the very hardest he had ever lived, not excepting those first two hard years when the ambitious little office boy came up into the City out of Shoreditch.

But the next change came suddenly. Robinson was made a partner. And as he was now able to put his own ideas into practice, success succeeded to success after this.

And so he moved into Park Lane last week.

Achievement.

It needs no special perspicacity to see that the cause of Robinson's business success up to this was due to the fact that he made himself master of all Business information.

Many men sat near Robinson while he was a clerk—they were equally conscientious, equally sober, equally punctual. Yet these men are clerks still and Robinson is one of the men at the top.

The practical moral of this sketch slight is—that if you want to make money in Business you must know all about Business. The "Business Encyclopædia" is the only work that covers all the knowledge that took Robinson from Shoreditch to Park Lane.

TWO OPINIONS.

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CHINNERY'S CHIEF CREDITOR

A SKETCH.

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

I often wonder whether my good friend Chinnery will ever pay himself back the money he owes himself. It was seven pounds odd according to his last account, and he had not knocked anything off it for some months.

To the ordinary mind it may seem that owing oneself money is a somewhat muddling process. But Chinnery has got down every penny of it, dating from the first evening of his speaking to the flighty "Stingaree" Clavering and me. He spoke to us to warn us against two flash young men whose methods with the ladies we had been openly admiring all the previous evening at a whist drive.

We were walking along the principal street of our native town when Chinnery stopped us. He was going on to tell us how these aforesaid flash young men would egg us on to become incipient drunkards, when we spied the brass buttons glinting on the canary waistcoats of the reprobates themselves.

They hailed us, but Chinnery, clutching hold of our sleeves, tugged us at a smart pace down a side street to avoid them. He was so thirsty by the time he had got us clear that he had to have a half-pint of ale to recover himself. He had to stand us drinks also—and (poor Chinnery) we were at that time trying our young insides very highly on a pretty, but liver-wrecking drink, christened by us "Slopes," and consisting of sloe-gin and peach bitters, priced in the best hotels at nothing less than sixpence.

That is how Chinnery opened an account against himself. He had gone out of the even tenour of his way to save our young souls, and the result, duly recorded in his account book, reads :

> Cost of preserving from the clutches of the two blighters (who thought themselves such bungs at Wednesday night's whist drive) the tall chap from the newspaper office and his little fat pal with the big nose ... 1s. 2d.
>
> Note.—It is better, when asking strangers to have a drink, to stipulate plainly the class of refreshment to which you are prepared to run. In future say, "Will you have a beer with me, old chap?" That saves such items as sloe-gin and peach bitters—sixpence a time!

From that you will observe that it is only the extremely careful man who can ever raise his finances to such a high plane as owing himself money. "Stingaree" Clavering, my "little fat pal with the big nose," used to consider that Providence owed *us* any amount of money, because, while we knew exactly how to spend money to the best advantage—good hats, correctly cut suits, nice shirts, neat ties, artistic boots, excellent cigarettes, etc.—we never had any balance in hand worth counting after Monday, while brutes who affected such combinations as a bowler hat and a Norfolk suit, a straw hat and riding breeches, cycling stockings and thin legs, evening dress suit and brown boots, etc., etc., jingled pockets-full of unmistakable sovereigns from Saturday evening to Friday night.

And yet Chinnery wondered why the acquaintances we cultivated were always young men in smart attire who were "out" to pot the first available juggins-the-jay.

Of course, we came to know dear, serious, old Chinnery better. We came to regard him as the one man to whom we would trust thousands of pounds if ever we had it and he wanted to borrow it. Yet we were very safe in this last desire, for it was hard to imagine Chinnery borrowing money from anyone, even on the favourable You-need-not-pay-it-back-if-you-cannot-afford-it terms, that "Stingaree" and I very generously offered to advance him those thousands when we got them.

For many times "Stingaree" and I met Chinnery walking along, perusing with hang-dog glance the ever-increasing account he had got against himself for occasions when he had listened to the voice of temptation and came to a Yeomanry subscription ball, the best seats at the theatre, or to the county town on market days with us.

"It's too much," he said to us once, blinking through his spectacles like a smart tradesman who sees no chance of keeping the little green-grocery business on its legs. "I shall never be able to get it back."

"Cheer up, old sportsman," said "Stingaree," fetching him a hearty smack on the back, "come along with us to the Registrar and take out a county court summons against yourself; you'll make yourself pay up."

"I must make me pay up?" said Chinnery, in bewilderment.

"Yes, otherwise there's nothing but suicide to get out of your difficulties," said "Stingaree." "You must shoot yourself."

"Shoot myself and not miss me!" said Chinnery, aping Chinnery's heavy accents.

"Oh, you're a lot of idiots," said Chinnery angrily. "You don't help a chap at all."

"That's not speaking nicely of your kind friends, Charlie dear," said "Stingaree," in the manner of Chinnery's maiden aunt, "that's just what you're going to do."

And then, I remember, "Stingaree," who was aching to get a sixth man so that the "six-and-eight season ticket" could be bought for the Park Gardens, launched forth into the excellence of the scheme—how we who were responsible for the money he owed himself were going to allow him to pay it back, as was only fitting. He pointed out that single "seasons" for the Park Gardens cost fifteen shillings. Yet "six in one" could buy one for thirty-six shillings, working out at six shillings a-piece. Thus, by our efforts we made nine shillings at a stroke ("Stingaree" explained). All he had to do was to join the party and swear we were all cousins.

Seeing this grand chance of paying his debt back a little on account, Chinnery, [illegible] through his spectacles, agreed, and, [illegible] season opened, he went about wearing the pleasant of expressions.

We got it out of him one lunch-time.

He pointed out that unless he could have bought the season ticket cheaply, he could have had one at all, therefore he was going to keep tally of all the occasions upon which he went on the Gardens (where a band played three times daily throughout the summer). The admission being threepence a time, he worked it out that every time he used his privilege as a six-and-eight ticket-holder after the twenty-fourth time he would be, what he termed, "pure bunce," which, being translated, means "profit."

Well do I remember the sigh of relief emitted by Chinnery as the band played "God Save the King" on Chinnery's twenty-fourth night.

"To-morrow," said Chinnery, as he replaced his straw hat, "I shall start knocking off the 'd's.' We're pretty slack just now, so I bet I'll be quite three bob up by the end of the week."

Poor Chinnery! Little did he dream how [illegible] a thing that account against himself was considered by ruthless Fate. That very night the [illegible] placed on the misfortunes of the badly [illegible] company that ran the Park Gardens. In the middle of the season, the Venetian show, the Turkish nightmares of buffets, and the magnificent bandstand were all gutted to the ground by a fire that could not be checked—started, it was said, by a fused electric wire.

Amid the ruins smouldered also Chinnery's hope of paying back the money he owed himself.

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Phosphorus prepared according to Dr. Birley's Formula has exceptional and remarkable powers. It differs in every way from the ordinary method of administering Phosphorus to the human body, which by means of phosphates, hypophosphites, and numerous other ways have long been known to the chemist and doctor. All these are now superseded in value by Dr. Birley's method

The average individual, in consequence of the severe and continued strain on the nervous system, uses up the phosphorus that naturally exists in the brain and nerve cells at too great a rate, and it is the loss of this essential element that leaves so many in a run-down condition—weary, nervous, despondent, forgetful, undecided, heedless, anxious, or low-spirited, all of which conditions indicate the need of an extra supply of Phosphorus.

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TAXI TRICKS.

The vast majority of taxi-cab drivers are perfectly honest, but there are a few black sheep amongst them, and the honest drivers will not cavil at our exposing the tricks of their dishonest companions.

One of the favourite tricks when four people are travelling in the cab, is for the driver to put on "2" on the dial indicating extras.

When his passengers are settling up, he tells them that this means a shilling, there being two additional passengers; but, as a matter of fact, the "2" on the extras dial indicates only two pence.

Another trick of the dishonest driver is to turn down the lamp illuminating the face of the taximeter, so that the figures on it cannot be seen. When he is asked how much the fare amounts to he names a sum considerably in excess of that to which he is entitled.

ING WINTER SPORTS AND LOOKING FORWARD.

is fortunate indeed that we Englishmen have climate which is seldom able to keep us from y. So thoroughly well has Nature organ- outdoor affairs for us that we know, in sport, dead, or silly, season.

We are never thrown back upon playing patience sport, as it were. Every day, month, season, ere is something doing. For which most of us July thankful.

Even seasons, or rather the turning topsy-turvy the seasons by our weather, never makes much erence to us. English sportsmen regulate r sport rather by the sort of weather that ght to prevail than by the weather that does at moment prevail in reality.

Only a short time ago we were putting away guns. We can regard the pheasant skim- over the hedge and down the copse-side at rific pace without really wishing to shoot.

IDLE INTERVALS.

We know shooting is over and done with for a ng time, and there's an end on't. That is the ld sportsman's philosophy from beginning to . Perhaps it should be called a practice, a fatalism, rather than a philosophy. Still, know that it is no good hankering for more en the law and the custom of the country have d halt.

Now there is no wait; no interval of impatient ping round before something else comes ng. If pheasants are no longer proper game, re are rabbits if we must shoot.

There are other sports, too, that require no fishing, for instance.

How many hundreds of men at this moment, I der, are doing their level best to fit in a week- that they can rush away to some midland, ern, or western stream just for the sheer of handling a rod again and of finding elves at the bank of the stream?

The catch is nothing; the fact that fishing has begun again is everything.

At home they are taking down rods, unpacking them from their winter casings, and putting them together again. How easily and firmly the joints run one into another!

RECALLING OLD THRILLS.

Then one must, of course, go out into the garden, where there is more room, and make imaginary casts into invisible water.

The joy of handling a favourite rod after a great lapse of time is vivid and thrilling. The thing seems to have a new grace and suppleness and swing, and is, indeed, better than ever!

Next one must get all tackle ready. It needs overhauling, mending, renewing, and anyway it must be carefully examined, for much depends upon it.

All the time this process is going on one's mind runs far away to stream, or lake, or, it may be, only to some favourite pond. Still, the imagination is free to play, and the days to come are filled with much sport.

You are at the right end of summer for some time to come. The page of the year is clean and open. You are going to write on it memorable experiences.

Indeed, it is not surprising if at this early stage you sufier severe checks. The weather, perhaps, turns back, and seems to play at December or January all over again.

Or you come thumping to earth and reality after a long period of imaginary doings away in the land you love best, only to realise that there are solid weeks and months of time before the first actual indulgence can be enjoyed.

THE TWO BIKES.

Never mind; the pleasures of anticipation are all yours, and the fact that you enjoy them shows that at least you have lost none of your keenness.

You make many a journey to the attic or the lumber room where most of your heavier tackle has been stowed.

It is time to get the second, and newer, bicycle into trim again; to take off the wrappings and wipe away the preserving and rust-preventing oils that have kept it from deteriorating while the winter lasted. It is soon to carry you many another mile!

What a sight the winter "crock" looks! There are many months' deposit of mud upon its framework; mud that was never noticed until the other machine is put by its side. Then its travel-stains are glaring indeed.

Before it is sent to rest for the summer, you promise it a good rubbing down. But you will be but human if you neglect to keep your promise. For the old machine is nearly past work.

J. G. HAYWARD.

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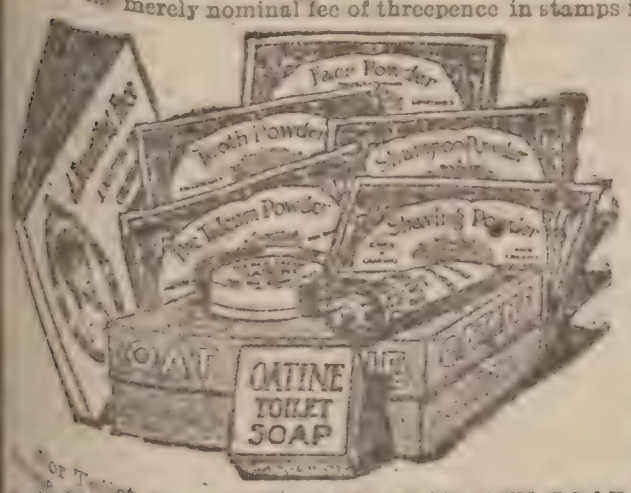

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Jan.	5th	£313,460	May	4th	£364,100	Aug.	31st	£409,250
,,	12th	£316,650	,,	11th	£367,230	Sept.	7th	£412,370
,,	19th	£319,900	,,	18th	£369,320	,,	14th	£415,020
,,	26th	£322,780	,,	25th	£373,270	,,	21st	£416,980
Feb.	2nd	£325,750	June	1st	£376,070	,,	28th	£420,360
,,	9th	£328,970	,,	8th	£377 750	Oct.	5th	£421,760
,,	16th	£331,920	,,	15th	£380 850	,,	12th	£423,290
,,	23rd	£334,730	,,	22nd	£383,800	,,	19th	£425,040
Mar.	2nd	£336,060	,,	29th	£386,480	,,	26th	£427,150
,,	9th	£341,270	July	6th	£388,580	Nov.	2nd	£428,280
,,	16th	£344,120	,,	13th	£390,510	,,	9th	£430,030
,,	23rd	£347,330	,,	20th	£393,710	,,	16th	£432,260
,,	30th	£350,680	,,	27th	£396,360	,,	23rd	£433,600
April	6th	£353,400	Aug.	3rd	£398,460	,,	30th	£436,420
,,	13th	£355,960	,,	10th	£401,710	Dec.	7th	£438 690
,,	20th	£359,010	,,	17th	£404,510	,,	14th	£440,530
,,	27th	£361,690	,,	24th	£406,490	,,	21st	£442,680
						,,	28th	£444,560

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M. M. 25/2/11

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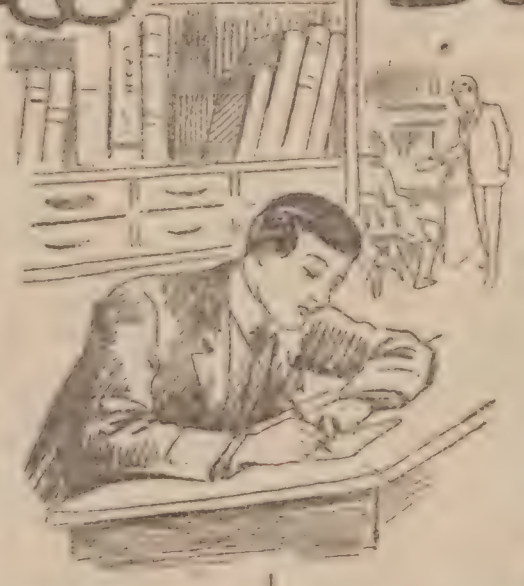
BUSINESS is BUSINESS

OPENINGS FOR THE MAN OF 20 TO 25.



This week I propose to my remarks on the ions which are open to ng man who has no pre- perience of any trade, who is too old to serve an ship, to the Navy the Army.

The possibility of serving country either at sea or and is one which will no appeal to many of my s, and though a brief sion of the prospects may seem somewhat place on a page devoted to "Business," a series as this would be incomplete without reference to them.

Candidates for commissions, of course, start preparation at an early age, so that we are concerned only with service in the ranks.

THE NAVY.

To get full particulars as to how to join, and the rates of pay, &c., application should be made to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London, or at any Coastguard Station or Post Office.

In the ordinary course of events candidates join the Royal Navy between the ages of 15¾ and 18, and engage for 12 years.

A man can join, however, as a "Special Service Hand" or Stoker without previous experience between the ages of 18 and 25.

He must engage for a maximum of 5 years' service in the Fleet, followed by service in the Royal Fleet Reserve to complete 12 years from date of joining.

A Special Service Seaman after two years' service can, if qualified as Able Seaman and well recommended, transfer to continuous service, when his pay is at the higher rate of 11s. 8d. a week, instead of 9s. 11d. (in addition of course to free rations and quarters).

The candidate of 20 years or more the minimum height is 5 ft. 5 ins., and the minimum chest measurement 35 to 36 in. according to height.

Another branch of the Navy which affords an opportunity for the keen man is the Royal Marines, for which candidates must be between 17 and 23.

THE ARMY.

Conditions of service in the Army may be obtained from the Director of Army Recruiting, War Office, S.W., and are so varied that it would be impossible to deal with them in the space at my disposal.

The pay of the private soldier varies from 7s. to 9s. a week, with free food, clothing, and quarters. The age limit is much more elastic than in the Navy, and few men who are not obviously unsound should be barred by the physical requirements on joining.

A few months of drill and the open-air exercise, which is such an important part of the soldier's life, will make a wonderful difference to a man's physique, and the benefit that he obtains during his years of service will stand him in good stead in after life.

A keen man has a good chance of early promotion, and about one man in every 216 wins a commission, and one man in every six attains the rank of a warrant or non-commissioned officer.

The various branches of the Service give ample opportunities for the learning of a trade which will be of use when the service with the colours is finished, and every effort is now made to find suitable employment for retired soldiers.

It is important, however, for a man to look forward to the time of his retirement, for the pension is not sufficient to live upon.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THINGS GENERALLY.

The outlook is extremely promising, and the January Board of Trade returns of imports and exports show that trade is still improving substantially.

The cotton-spinning trade in Lancashire is especially busy. Money is cheaper and the Bank rate is undoubtedly going lower, which will stimulate the Stock markets considerably.

HOME RAILS.

Home Railway dividends are proving more satisfactory than anticipated; prices have moved up accordingly, and they will go still better when the full effect of cheap money is felt.

The directorates of British railways have been singularly slow in the past in adopting cost-saving appliances, but the general adoption of the Phœnix Superheater for locomotives seems to point to a more progressive policy in the future.

The "Phœnix" is simply a combination of tubes designed to fit in the smoke-box, enabling the waste gases to be used to the fullest possible extent, without interfering in any way with the heating surface of the boiler. Full tests of this new appliance have been made by the Furness Railway, and the results prove a saving of nearly 25 per cent. in fuel and 30 per cent. in water, besides giving an increase of nearly 30 per cent. in many cases in hauling power. The reduction of the fuel bill alone means a tremendous gain to the companies, and must increase dividends to the shareholders.

YANKEES.

American Railway prices still keep firm, and the adoption of the new adjustment of Tariffs with Canada ought to be beneficial to them.

MEXICANS AND RUBBERS.

The rebellion troubles in Mexico are apparently not quite stamped out: but shareholders in Mexican concerns need not have the slightest uneasiness, as the improvement in trade generally in Mexico at present is far ahead of that of any other country and likely to continue so for some time to come.

The Rubber and Oil markets are firm and very promising, and there has been a great demand for the cheaper shares connected with the former product.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. H. (Normanton).—I know nothing of the Society you mention. Thanks for good wishes.

"WORKER" (Bury).—With a limited capital you should not touch any share with a liability. Send me an addressed envelope and I will advise you.

H. L. (Sheffield).—You should hold for higher prices. I look for a steady advance in good Oil shares.

X. W. (Glasgow).—The relapse in Superheaters is only temporary; hold your shares, and, if convenient, average.

O. P. (Cork).—I should not advise touching the American market either way unless you are prepared to pay out substantial differences.

W. G. (Torquay).—On no account should you part with your Rubber shares; you will find your profit greatly increased very shortly.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

MEN AND MONEY.

WHY THE OVER-SENSITIVE MAN LOSES.

There are extraordinary differences in men with regard to the manner in which they conduct money matters. I do not mean the ordinary buying and paying for things at a shop, but the more personal matters, such as when a man bargains with an employer or a purchaser for certain wages or for a price.

Many men will not find this in the least embarrassing. They will discuss openly and without any hesitation any question of money, however nearly it concerns themselves.

There are others who, the moment money matters begin to impinge on their own relations with other men, become as sensitive as possible.

Probably much of this sensitiveness arises from the knowledge that at the bottom of every financial transaction there is the aim, on both sides, to make a bargain.

This is enough to prevent many a sensitive man from approaching the subject. Many such men would rather draw a small salary all their lives than face the ordeal of a discussion about terms. Certainly the dislike of asking about prices, tariffs, and such things has led many a man to accept the first thing offered to him. Afterwards he finds that he has been given goods, or service, or accommodation of a much more expensive sort than he wanted or could afford, and is consequently financially embarrassed for a time.

Often a man who is extremely sensitive about money goes into a hotel and asks for a room. Now the hotel-keeper is not likely to say, "I suppose you want an attic at 1s. 6d. a day, sir?"

No. He gives the customer the rooms at the top price he thinks the customer can pay. Probably the customer was in no way anxious for luxury, and only wanted a small and simple room for a night or two.

His bill shows him what his sensitiveness about terms and their discussion has cost him!

H. B. SLATER.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Simplicity of Selby

By ADAM STERN.

I.

Richard Selby dined at Bagley Court on the night prior to Violet Lyons's departure for London, whither she was going to spend a few weeks with friends.

She put on a wrap as he was leaving, and accompanied him out on to the terrace. It was a cold, still night, with the heavens radiant with stars, and moonlight transforming the parkland into an etching of silver and black. At the bottom of the broad, shallow steps a groom stood waiting with Richard's horse.

They lingered a while.

"Mind you take care of yourself while I'm away," she warned him.

"Trust me for that," answered Richard.

"I am not so sure that I can trust you," she said, wistfully. "You strong men are such helpless things."

He laughed under his breath, finding no incongruity in the fact that sometimes she regarded him as a child, in need of protection and advice.

"You will write to me every day," he said, more as a command than a request.

"I shall write to you," she returned, "just as often as I feel I want to."

"That satisfies me," said Richard.

He gripped her hand in the way that he would have gripped the hand of a man, and he turned to descend the steps.

She called him back.

"You are sure," she queried with some doubt, "that you *will* be satisfied? There may be a deal of difference between the two, you know."

"I think not," said Richard, with another confident laugh.

And a minute later, with a farewell wave of the hand, he rode away.

She watched him go, starry-eyed and reflective.

"M—m!" she said to herself.

His figure dwindled, the hoof-beats grew fainter; he rode straightly on, like a man who put his past behind him and carried the unswerving-ness of purpose even into such an everyday occurrence as a homeward ride.

He never once looked back.

She remained, quiescent, for a moment or two longer.

"*M—m*," came her little judicial comment again.

She slowly turned and went back into the house.

II.

A week had gone by and Richard had not heard from her. He began to wonder what could be the matter, and put his wonder in the form of a question.

She replied after the lapse of two days, saying how closely her time had been occupied, and that she was sure he would not mind her silence when he knew how rippingly she had been enjoying herself ever since she arrived. She signed herself, in obvious haste, with initials only, and hoped in a postcript he was not missing her much.

Richard read the letter twice, with puzzled brows. He did not mind the lack of endearments, for she never used them, but there was a tone in the letter to which he was unused, and which he could not at all understand, a tone of affectionate patronage.

"Now, what the deuce have I done to offend her?" he muttered, thinking over recent happenings, and failing to find a clue to the explanation.

He wondered if he was being forgotten, a suspicion at once unworthy of her, and unflattering to himself.

He dismissed it.

As he was folding the letter up he noticed a P.P.S. on the back.

"These Cranston girls (it read) 'rag' me fearfully about the letter in bold masculine handwriting which graces my place at breakfast each morning. I have had to fib, and say it comes from a groom, who keeps me posted about the health of various pets. It would, perhaps, be better—unless, of course, you have something *particular* to say—if you wrote only every *other* day."

"Oh, would it!" said Richard softly. He chanced to be alone in his office. "So what I say at present is *not* particular! Humph!

"Well, she shall have it as she wishes. Take a woman at her word, and you exasperate her more than anything.

"I won't write at all if she doesn't like it. If she has to apologise for me . . ."

He scowled gloomily, and sucked savagely at his pipe for a full five minutes.

Then he put the letter away, determinedly subduing his riotous, angry thoughts.

That night he wrote her that he was visiting London on the morrow on business, and gave the hotel where he would be staying, adding a masterful request that she should telephone him there or write.

She did neither.

He descended to an early breakfast the first morning after arriving in town, asked questions about the post, and then went to the telephone-box with a hardened jaw and a chill in his heart.

While searching for the Cranston's number, he remembered the unreasonableness of ringing up at such an hour.

He strode away, sat down and partook of a tasteless meal, and afterwards entered the smoking-room and scribbled a curt note.

Then he sent for a messenger boy.

He altered his mind a minute later and tore the note up, sending the boy away. It was an unexampled thing for Richard Selby to be riven by the throes of uncertainty.

Setting out from his hotel soon after nine o'clock, he turned westward instead of towards the City, and half an hour later was walking in Hyde Park, watching the riders in the Row.

Violet Lyons, in the company of an indolent, good-looking man, came up at an easy gallop. Would have passed, but saw him.

Her colour changed, her lips parted. She left her cavalier with an incoherent phrase of excuse, and, wheeling, cantered back.

For a moment she dreaded that Richard had brought bad news, his face was so set. Then his words relieved her.

"Did you get my letter?" he asked.

She smiled down at him, flushed and radiant with exercise. Not immediately did she reply.

"Aren't you going to ask me how I am?" she questioned.

"How are you?" said Richard ungraciously. Then, against his will, added—"You look splendid. I—badly wanted to see you."

"Did you? You don't look much happier. Now, let me see; which letter? I have had so many from you."

"More than you wanted?" queried Richard, with his habitual, if sometimes untactful, directness.

"Of course not," she answered. "What made you think that?"

"I didn't think so. If I did——"

He checked himself suddenly.

"Yes?" she queried, interested.

"I—. Never mind."

"You're not a bit like yourself this morning, Dick," she said sweetly.

"I don't feel like myself. I feel—anyhow."

"Aren't you well?"

"Of course I'm well. It isn't that. I——"

He fumed under her constant diversions.

"Look here," he began, "it isn't that I am touchy or quick-tempered, or jealous about your enjoyment."

"You'd better not be," she interposed severely, and the tone made Richard twitch from crown to heel.

He stepped back.

"I'm afraid," he said cautiously, with white lips, "I am keeping you from your friend."

She removed her eyes swiftly from his, quietened her restive mare, and glanced at him indifferently.

"No," she said. "He's gone. I shall see him presently. What was it you were going to say, Dick?"

She appeared to observe no change in him, but again, as he drew near he felt himself the battle-field of conflicting emotions. He knew he was cutting a far from dignified figure.

"I won't trouble you with it," he said coldly. "It is unimportant."

"But a moment ago you seemed so anxious. You are not cross about anything, are you?"

"Not a bit. I fancied I had a grievance, but you are too dexterous at putting me in the wrong. I have heard most women have the gift."

"Have they? You should never generalise about women, Dick. They are never the same thing for long—any of them."

"I believe that," said Richard, and looked steadily into her eyes.

She met the scrutiny, pondering, it would seem, over the meaning of his words. Something in them, at the finish, made her bring up her chin with a tilt of pride.

"I cannot help thinking," she said distinctly, at length, "that you came here to-day with the deliberate intention of quarrelling with me."

This was not strictly true. More accurately would it have been to say that he came prepared to be magnanimous provided she showed a proper spirit of repentance and docility. But he could not explain as much, and a cold rage possessed him, driving discretion to the winds.

"I do not deny it," he answered. "It seems to me I have good cause."

"In that case—" she returned, touching her horse, "good-bye."

And she left him before he could get out another word.

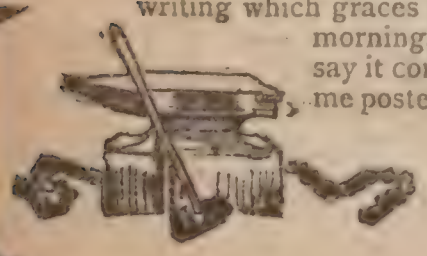
III.

One afternoon about three weeks later Richard, alone in his office, struck his desk heavily with his fist, and stood up.

"I can't stand any more of this," he said. "I am going to climb down."

So he rang up Bagley Court and inquired whether Miss Violet Lyons had returned home.

She had; and would see him that afternoon if he would please call before four.



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... formal message made Richard smile

...at on his hat at once, and went out.
... was alone, and wrapt in an invisible robe
...eserve. Richard, standing two yards off
...king at her, felt that she had never been so
...proachable or so unapproachable. The sentences
...manly humility which he had been rehearsing
...the way along dried aridly on his lips. He
... conscious of nothing but an appalling
...olation.
He ...naged a laugh at last.
... came on impulse," he said, "but I rather
... I hadn't."
Won't you sit down?" she said.
..." he said. "No; I can get through it
... standing."
...e took a turn up the room and back again.
I want to tell you," he said with difficulty,
...that I'm sorry. The blame was mine. It served
...e jolly well right."
... waited for her to speak, but she said
...g.
..."s all," he said, looking about vaguely for
... "I— I repeat I'm sorry."
...ved at the door, his face calm.
...might speak," he said.
...hat do you want me to say?" she asked,
...h a levelness that agitated him.
He ...turned.
...ade to touch her, then controlled himself.
...stand up, will you?" he asked in a stern tone.
...now look me in the eyes."
...e was able to do it, and not flinch.
He turned away, only to bring himself back
...e an animal facing attack.
These men in London," he said. "What is
...about them you prefer to me?"
...Go on."
They have white hands—not like yours.
...ers are hard, strong, and frequently dirty."
...They are. Go on."
...talk well on every subject—enlarge one's
...crease one's interests. They are cul-
...ed, beautifully comfortable, and well-
"Yes. You are—different. You——"
...Yes," as she hesitated. "I want to hear."
...You are rougher, not with coarseness, but with
...itive strength. You have a dominant vitality,
...makes you forget sometimes that other
...may not be so strong as yourself. You
...a man who would be cruel—unconsciously—
...were allowed to be."
...ose that," said Richard. "But go on."
...e is little more," she answered. "Except
...ace you became sure of a girl, you might
... for granted and forget the little services
...ntions which a sensitive woman thinks so
..."
...ard started as though he had been flicked
...a whip.
...You might become—without knowing it—self-
... and self-satisfied. A girl would need
... an uncommon . . . daring, I think,
...herself to become . . . fond of you.
..., after comparisons——"
... out rather badly," said Richard.
...s plain enough. I'm glad you've been so
I ——," his voice was not quite steady,
...y much obliged to you."
...are not quite finished," she said. She was
... and passive, with her hands at her sides,
...something burning in her eyes. "You are
...ese things and perhaps many worse, but in
...e of th... and in spite of everything——."
... waiting for him to come back to her,
...he did, she put her hands in his, laugh-
...all radiant. "—— I would choose you
... of all the world," she said.

* * * * *

...ly he said—
...still in the dark as to why you treated me
...dly."
...were failing into the fatal habit of taking
...ted," she said, "which is unforgivable
...ishment."

...other of these stories will appear shortly.—

CYCLING AT NIGHT

AND SOME OF ITS DANGERS.

Night-cycling in the neighbourhood of a well-lighted town has few dangers which the pastime would not possess by day, but on an unfrequented country road, even with a good lamp, some care is necessary; but many cyclists refuse to recognise the fact, and think that because the road is less used than in the daytime, they are therefore entitled to the whole of it.

In case of fog or darkness or both, every user of the road should make a special effort to keep the rules of the road, even though in doing so a sacrifice of speed should be necessary. There is no special rule for foggy weather, and there is from one point of view much less excuse, under such circumstances, for any breach of the ordinary rule of the road.

If a cyclist is going to be thrown, he had better suffer through a mud heap at the side of the road than by a fellow-cyclist in the middle. One man damaged is better than two men and two cycles knocked about.

The cyclist who does much riding by night will be wise if he has a red lamp affixed to his back hub, for the dangers of being run into from behind cannot be averted by keeping to the left.

Probably the most disconcerting experience of the night cyclist is to find himself suddenly plunging over a newly-repaired road on which the stones have been left to be worn in by the traffic. The night may be clear and fine and his speed high, but there is nothing to save him or warn him of the danger.

The sudden jolting and scraping are the first warnings he receives, and if he can dismount before he is jerked out of the saddle he will be lucky.

Such patches of rough road ought to be indicated by lamps, and all cyclists should agitate for such precautions.

WHY I SMILE.

I happen to be one of those men who are always fit and well. No one sees me going about with a sore head and sighing like a lovesick maiden. I work hard and play hard and enjoy life all the time. Men come to me and say: "You always look cheerful, how do you manage it?" "By keeping well," I answer. "And how do you always keep well?" Then I smile.

I give such inquirers one answer. I observe some plain, sane rules of living which will keep any man well. They will keep a woman well, too. All that I say of man nearly always applies to the woman as well. I give them what I call the Turkish Bath Man's Creed of Health—ten plain rules of health. I find it a simple thing to follow them. They keep me well. Everyone knows that the gospel I preach is right. But everyone will not carry it out. My Creed is the common Creed of all who study disease. At this time of the day no one considers a single suggestion in this Creed cranky. But people will not carry these suggestions out.

Here is an offer—it costs you nothing. Send me your address. I will send you a card with my Creed neatly printed on it. I will send it for nothing. Hang it in your bathroom; read it every morning—do it every day. You will soon begin to realise why I smile.

These rules are all easy—even the Turkish Bath. I sell a Turkish Bath which folds up into small compass and can be packed away in any corner. It can be made ready in a minute, and you can enjoy a Turkish Bath at any hour of the day, in your bed or bathroom.

I promise this of my Turkish Bath. It will induce the free perspiration which is necessary for health. It will act exactly on your system as does a public Turkish Bath. And you won't have to sit in a hot room with other nude, perspiring people, a deterrent to many who would take Turkish Baths.

This is what happens in a Turkish Bath. You perspire freely. Every tiny pore begins to act. The blood sends forth its impurities through the pores of the skin. It goes to its task of building up the body, cleared and purified through the action of the Turkish Bath.

If you have Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica—pain caused by the solidifying of acids in the blood—the Gem Turkish Bath will give you relief and cure by sweating the acid out of you.

This is not what I say—it *is* so. The truth is, the modern doctor is beginning to believe that Turkish Bathing is the only method of dealing with the uric acid family of diseases. Hundreds of doctors now use and recommend my Cabinet.

If you desire to be well, send for my Creed and live up to it. Send for my Gem Turkish Bath and use it. You will be a better man in a month, if you have nothing organically wrong with you, when you start living according to my rules.

These are my terms. The Bath costs 30s. You can pay in one sum in cash on my guarantee that the Gem Bath will do what I say it does, and if it does not, and you say so within seven days, I return your 30s.; or you can make an initial payment of 10s., and pay me five monthly instalments of 4s. 6d. By this method of easy payment I do not give a free trial, and the Bath costs you 32s. 6d., but it is worth every penny of it. I cannot make you a fairer offer. I am a trader, and want a profit on what I sell. If you test the Bath and think it unsatisfactory, I will refund your money.

Fill in the coupon and send, with remittance, to my Company, and the cabinet will be sent you by return, or write a postcard and ask for a free copy of my 100-page book and "My Creed of Health."

THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

THE MODERN MAN.

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO., LTD. (Desk 18),
22, PEAR TREE STREET,
GOSWELL ROAD, E.C.

Enclosed please find M.O., value 30s., for which send me a No. 1 Bath Cabinet complete; on the understanding that, if not satisfied, I can return the Cabinet within ten days, and you will refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EVENING DRESS GLOVES.

The banes of the dancing man's life are his white kid gloves. One dance is sufficient to reduce them to a state of blackness which necessitates a cleaning or a new pair before the next "hop."

Of the two alternatives the former is distinctly preferable, although few men seem to take advantage of it.

It is always advisable to pay a fair price for a new pair of gloves and to get good leather with strong seams, and then they will stand cleaning again and again.

The cost of cleaning a pair of gloves, after which process they are as good as new, is only twopence.

Some firms, I believe, insist that half-a-dozen pairs must be sent at a time, but that difficulty is easily surmounted by getting two or three friends to combine with you and send theirs at the same time.

A cheap pair of gloves is rarely serviceable for more than one or possibly two dances, for they are extremely liable to split at the seams.

In any case it is always advisable when buying white kid gloves, to get them a full size larger than you really need, to stretch them before putting them on, and to insert all the fingers by rubbing the glove down before attempting to pull it on to the hand.

Occasionally an outfitter will offer you a pair of gloves with three black stripes on the back. He may be under the impression that they are fashionable, but I have no hesitation in saying that they are not.

RIDING BREECHES.

Among the most difficult garments to get of a really good quality and cut without paying an exorbitant price riding breeches must certainly be included. Messrs. Piggott, of Cheapside, whose winter sale is now in progress, will therefore be held as public benefactors by many of those who appreciate the comfort and ease of breeches as well as their appearance, but who cannot afford to pay a guinea or twenty-five shillings for a pair, with perhaps five shillings extra for strappings.

Messrs. Piggott offer to send their price list, patterns, and self-measurement form free to all readers mentioning THE MODERN MAN.

Breeches are things that a man can satisfactorily measure himself for without assistance, and, as I have often observed, there is no garment in which a man's nether limbs, if they are reasonably well developed, show to better advantage.

CARRYING FOUNTAIN-PENS.

Nearly all fountain-pen manufacturers assert that their pens do not leak, and possibly they are quite correct in saying so, for in a well-made fountain-pen there is no particular reason why there should be a leakage if it is properly looked after. But the average man does not look after his fountain-pen very closely.

If he is in the habit of carrying one in his pocket, he usually discovers that the lining of his vest is more or less marked, owing to leakage of the ink.

Even special pocket clips, fitted to the edge of the pocket so that the pen may be carried in an upright position, do not remove all danger.

At one time, I used to carry a fountain-pen in my pocket, but owing to many accidents with it, I dropped the idea altogether, and now the only writing implement that I carry with me is a pencil. I keep a fountain-pen on my writing table, but I never carry it about with me.

I should advise men in offices, who have writing to do at their business place and also at home, to keep a couple of fountain-pens, one on their office desk, and one on their writing table at home.

It is not an extravagant idea, for each of the two pens, being less used than would otherwise be the case, will last longer.

HELPING A MAN ON WITH HIS COAT.

Among the little courtesies that one man can shew to another, one of the most common is that of helping him on with his overcoat, but to some men there is nothing more annoying.

One gets into the habit of putting on one's coat almost mechanically, and knows just where to feel for the sleeve, but when someone else is holding the coat, your calculations are thrown out and you are as likely as not to shove your hand into a pocket and get stuck.

When you offer to help a man on with his coat, therefore, it is just as well to give him the opportunity of refusing the offer without any fear of offending you.

If, on the other hand, he prefers to be helped, it is not sufficient merely to hold the coat up, but when he has got one arm in you must shift the coat until the sleeve is somewhere within range of his impotently groping hand.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in one of his plays, remarks that a man never looks such a fool as when he is getting into his coat. Certainly he seldom feels such a fool.

THE FROCK COAT AGAIN.

There seems to be a general opinion that the frock coat will come into its own again this year, partly owing to its suitability for the many functions that will take place in connection with the Coronation.

The frock coat has always remained in favour as a formal full day dress for those who were not entitled to wear uniform on State occasions, but for ordinary wear it has of late years quite given place to the morning coat.

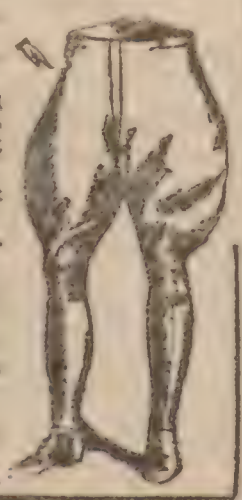
The frock coat, however, was always the favourite mufti of King Edward, and is always worn by His Majesty, the present King, on public occasions when naval or military uniform is not suitable.

There is no garment that can set off a man's figure to such effect as a frock coat if it is cut with a well-fitted waist and a full skirt, and not on the straight lines of the ugliest period of the Victorian era.

As things are at present, however, the man who has to choose between a morning coat and a frock coat for full dress will be wise to buy the former.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL about these

RIDING BREECHES



Stratford-on-Avon.

Dear Sirs,—I received Breeches safely and am highly pleased with them. FIT, QUALITY, and WORKMANSHIP all that could be desired. I shall certainly recommend Piggott's to my friends.—Yours, etc., T. A. S.

Every pair is cut and made throughout by expert breeches tailors.

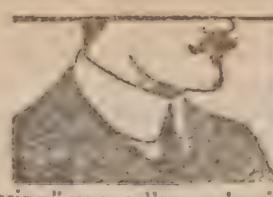
	Usual Price.	Sale Price.
Bedford Cord ..	.. 9/6 ..	7/6
Whipcord Tweeds	.. 10/6 ..	8/11
Derby Tweeds ..	.. 12/6 ..	9/11
Fancy and Plain Real Riding Tweeds	.. 16/6 ..	13/11

Sale List post free. Write for Patterns and self-measurement form—

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,

Dept. M8.

117-118, Cheapside, & Milk Street, E.C.



This sounds ridi... true. The new pro... Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary ... which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with ... sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires ... treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

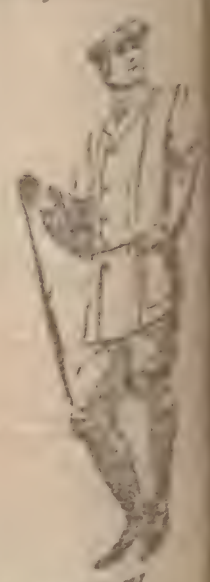
You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It pro... gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. Lin-Gloss ... not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. ... saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the ... To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why pay ... Is. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day for a bottle of Lin-Gloss ... six months' supply—and just see how much you can ... your laundry bill?

LIN-GLOSS WORKS, 32, SANDROCK RD. LONDON

IF IT'S A McKINLEY

That is all you need know about a ...

Because the "McKinley" standard represents ... Hall Mark of Tailoring Perfection. The McKinley ... goods are made from genuine Scotch and ... materials, are cut and tailored by expert ... workmen, and although sold at lower prices than is usual for high-class goods, they have all the qualities of goods for which double the price is charged elsewhere.



Suits (to measure) 25/- to 50/-
Overcoats ,, 21/- to 45/-

Carriage Paid, No Extras, and we refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

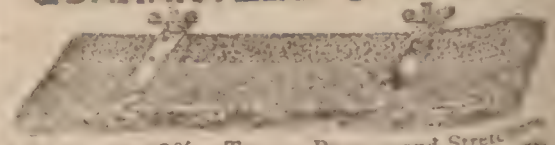
... to-day for our Booklet "MN" our splendid range of Free Samples, Fashion Plates, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self measurement chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY,

Tailoring Dept.,

7, Gresham St., London, E.C.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.



1 Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretc... in handsome **Polished Oak, Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 hair... **7 days approval.** Money returned if not s...

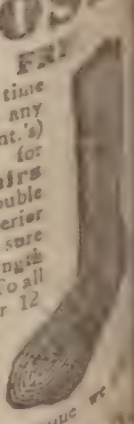
Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, ...

GENT.'S HOSE

FREE. ABSOLUTELY FR...

As an advertisement and for a short time only we will send **post free** and to any address, **3 pairs** (either Ladies' or Gent.'s) of our well-known "**Marvel Hose**" for the ridiculous amount of **1s. 4d.**, or **6 pairs for 2s. 6d.** Equal to those sold at double the price elsewhere. The quality and superior finish of these socks and stockings we are sure will give you every satisfaction. For strength and durability they cannot be equalled. To all THE MODERN MAN readers sending 5s. for 12 pairs, we will present **absolutely free, half-dozen** pure white pocket **handkerchiefs** (Ladies' or Gent.'s) same as sold elsewhere at 6d. each. We are confident of your future patronage and recommendation when you see the marvellous value we ... Send at once.



THE MARVEL HOSE CO.

(Dept. N) **111, Amhurst Road, London, N.**

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

COMING FASHIONS.

The powers that be in the world of men's fashions have now made up their mind what is to be "popular" during the coming season.

The lounge suit is probably the item which interests most of my readers, so we will take that first.

Lounge coats are to be worn a little shorter, but rather fuller and less skimpy than last year, but otherwise there will probably be no serious alteration in style. Peg-top trousers are likely to be generally adopted.

These details are, of course, unimportant to the man who goes to a good West-End tailor, or to a tailor who is West-End in all but locality, which counts for little except in the bill. Such a tailor will naturally cut your suit in the most up-to-date style unless you give any express directions to the contrary. But if your tailor is not absolutely up-to-date in his ideas, it may be necessary for you to explain to him just what you want.

With regard to material, it is probable that brown suits with purple colourings and light grey tweeds will be the most popular.

FREAK CLOTHES.

I am not usually of a particularly curious disposition, but in a London street the other day I met a couple of people whose appearance was so extraordinary that I admit I turned my head, like every other passer-by, to look at them when they had passed.

They were a man and a woman, presumably husband and wife. Their costume would baffle me to describe, but in the woman's the salient points were sandals and a sort of Greek robe; in the man's they were a long beard, a flappy felt hat, a shapeless ulster, knickerbockings, and heavy boots.

They were clearly English, and equally clearly cranks. Presumably they had adopted this form of attire because it was "rational" or because it was comfortable.

But if their attire was more comfortable or more healthy than that which the normal person is in the habit of wearing—and I doubt if it was—I feel sure that the additional comfort would be more than counteracted by the uncomfortable feeling that one was an object of amusement to casual passers-by.

There have been various attempts made to make masculine dress more comfortable or less ugly. A celebrated novelist not long ago invented a patent combined suit with coat, waistcoat, and trousers all in one piece.

I have not met many of these suits about yet, and I hardly think they are likely to catch on.

You need to be a strong man to go about in freak clothes. I do not refer, of course, to those who do so unconsciously, wearing garments or combinations of garments that seem to them perfectly normal and even fashionable, but to those who deliberately wear something which they think is an improvement on the clothes in vogue at the time.

NAILS IN YOUR HEELS.

It is the habit of most bootmakers to set a row of nails at the extreme edge of the heels of a man's boot. These nails offer a better resistance to our hard pavements than would the ordinary leather of which the heels are made, and in ordinary circumstances they would never give you any cause for worry.

When, however, you wear rubber heels on your boots, the leather of the heel gradually gets pressed closer together, and this row of nails is left protruding. So long as you continue to wear rubber heels, no harm is done, but it occasionally happens that you find your rubber heel is worn down, you take it off, and set about your business without having rubber heels on at all.

In these circumstances, you will very soon find yourself slipping in a most awkward manner, owing to the fact that the nails in your heels are projecting above the leather. You notice it particularly if you happen to be walking on a smooth pavement, and an unpleasant accident may be the result.

The cure is, of course, simple. If you find that the nails in your heels are sticking up, apply a hammer to them with sufficient force.

LACED LEGGINGS.

One of the most comfortable forms of legging is that which you lace up the front, for the laces allow you to let it out or to tighten it exactly according to your wishes.

Those leggings which are fitted with hooks to receive the laces are perhaps more common, but I do not like them so much as those which are fitted with ordinary circular eyelets.

For the man who intends to ride in them, laced-leggings with hooks have the great disadvantage that the hooks are driven into his shinbone or snapped off by the friction of the stirrup-leather.

In the case of the other type of laced-legging, the chief drawback is that they take a considerable time to lace up, unless you know how to do it.

Here is the idea. With a laced-legging of the eyelet type never undo the bottom half of the lacing. If you slacken out the lace you can usually get your foot through the legging, and much time is saved, because you never have to lace up the top part.

Do not attempt to put a laced-legging on over your boot, but slip it on before you put your boot on.

Leggings fitted with spring fastenings in front, are, of course, the easiest to put on, but they have several disadvantages.

They are all right for the motor-man, but they are not suitable for the riding man, because they are liable to come undone.

There is also to be urged against the spring-fastened legging the fact that it has become so common.

Men who are interested in their clothes bar it for that reason.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge...	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

The League Badge Actual size.

MASTERS, Ltd., 13/6 IMPERIAL BOOTS.

For comfort when walking, hard wear, ease and smartness combined, wear Masters' famous **13/6** Imperial Boots. Every pair guaranteed. Masters' Imperial Boots are good throughout; they keep out the damp, are made from the best selected English leather, box calf uppers, straight cap, three-quarter golosh, jockey back, stout soles, **13/6**, with gift of **2/-** Shoe-shine Outfit for cash; or send **2/6** now, pay **2/6** on receipt and **2/6** monthly, and you have the Boots to wear while paying for them. Tan Willow superior quality **17/6**, same terms. Boot Booklet Free.

SUITS ON EASY TERMS

34/6

Our credit terms are for your convenience, you can buy a good well made Suit from us by paying 5/- a month privately by post. Suits are cut to your own measurements, guaranteed good cloth, good fit, good style—every bit good—good lining, good buttons and good finish—Suits which make you feel comfortable and well dressed. Prices **34/6**, &c., or **5/-** monthly. Patterns, fashion plate, and self-measurement form FREE.

MASTERS, Ltd., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, ENG.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

W. J. (Blandford).—Many thanks for particulars as to the methods of shoeing vicious colts in Dorset. We fear, however, that an account of the system adopted would not be to the taste of the non-horsey townspeople amongst our readers.

"PLUCK" (Birmingham).—Thank you for your kind wishes. Send us your name and address, and also all the letters you have received from the company you mention; we shall be responsible for their safety.

M. L. (Newcastle).—Captain Saunders is not an authority on history. He does not trouble about the origin of fashions, but merely endeavours to describe the latest ones.

R. O. B. (South Hampstead).—We dealt with the matter some months ago, and we do not propose to discuss it again. The police are quite competent to tackle such cases.

V. H. G. (Salisbury).—Clean your league badge with a toothbrush and whitening. If the badge is a plated one, this will damage it less than would metal polish.

F. J. S. (Bournemouth).—We are interested to hear that you propose going to Australia. Good luck to you! THE MODERN MAN is on sale at all the principal newsagents in the larger towns in Australia.

G. J. T. (Cardigan).—Everything depends on what sort of contract you signed. If the enlargement is, as you say, an absolute failure, you will probably be justified in refusing to take it or pay for it. Better await developments from the other side. Probably the photographer will not trouble you again.

F. SMITH, 11, Goodhead Street, Meadows, Nottingham, wishes to correspond with readers in New Zealand and Australia.

"ANXIOUS" (Sunderland).—Fresh air, good food, and a fair amount of exercise will keep any man fit.

J. S. (Bolton).—Our kindest thanks for your congratulations.

G. G. W. (Pudsey).—Consult a trade directory in the nearest public library. We have no space to reproduce a list of all the makers of cinematograph films.

R. G. (Manchester).—Send us all the information you possess. It may be very useful.

J. T. FEARNSIDES, 6, Compton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, is organising "The Birmingham Mounted Scouts." They already number twenty, and desire new recruits. From 8 to 10 p.m. each Wednesday they practise riding, shooting, lance, and sword drill. Captain Coventry (late 17th Lancers) is giving instruction. The idea is to afford an opportunity of acquiring a military fitness to those whom circumstances prevent from joining the Territorials. Those interested should write to Mr. Fearnsides.

W. S. S. (Glasgow).—Some people have no sense of humour.

J. F. (Belfast).—Thank you for the facts. Has any of your friends had a similar experience?

B. ATKINSON, 14, Clovelly Road, Hornsey, London, N., is sailing for Australia in May, and wants to know if any other reader is doing the same thing, so that they could travel together.

W. J. G. (Nottingham).—Certainly you are not too old to learn the motor business. It is a fine trade for a man who likes outdoor life.

"A LOYAL SCOT" (Sydenham). — Consult the books dealing with national costumes. There are plenty of them in your local library.

R. W. C. (Gorleston).—Stories and articles dealing with foreign countries are not as a rule interesting to the English reader.

R. E. and **M. S.** (Ramsgate).—As Easter is fairly late this year the weather may be quite suitable for a brief walking tour. Don't count on warm weather.

A. R. T. (Winslow).—Your roller-skates would not fetch much. Everybody who likes this fine exercise is provided with skates by this time. But real bargains never go begging long.

H. E. (Kingston-on-Thames).—The concentration needed in miniature rifle-shooting may require special glasses. We speak not as experts, but common sense seems to indicate this. Ask a good oculist about it. So much of this shooting, too, is done in artificial light.

W. L. (Hoxton).—The shops you indicate are certainly examples of horrible cruelty. All sportsmen hate to see birds or dogs cramped into small cages awaiting purchasers. So many people do not appear to care, and the evil continues.

H. J. F. (Putney).—Running even a small and comparatively simple business is not what it seems to one outside it. We advise you to qualify as a journeyman first. Then you will get some idea of your "overhead" expenses.

G. F. C. (Bermondsey).—The expert operator of a type-setting machine can earn £5 and £6 a week. There is always an opening for a first-rate man. Qualify by all means. Your knowledge of mechanics will be useful.

E. R. A. (Hastings).—As a rule people who not only offer free presents to strangers, but go to the expense of advertising their generosity, have some other object in view, not unconnected with personal profit. It's business!

H. G. M. (Stockwell, S.W.).—A good rule is: Never drink from the water-bottle in the hotel bedroom. The water *may* have been changed during the previous week. On the other hand——. It's not the landlord's fault. His "assistants" are not yet educated up to these things.

A. E. R.—The range was probably started because you, and others could *not* shoot. Then why hesitate to explain your difficulties to the sergeant-major in charge? He is there to instruct you.

J. B. (Gateshead).—Did you not notice the long list of League members in the number for January 28? Probably many are known to you.

T. W. T. (London, W.C.), **C. C.** (Portsmouth), **A. R.** (Sheffield), **B. G. S.** (Montrose), **L. L. M.** (Bournemouth), **W. G. C.** (Winnipeg), **J. R.** (Swindon), **T. C.** (Leicester), **W. A. E. C.** (Wood Green), **W. G.** (Coventry), **G. F. M.** (Hull), **B. K. F.** (King's Lynn), **F. A. L.** (Hull), **C. McD.** (Inverness), **R. F.** (Oldham), **H. N.** (Bristol).—Our kindest thanks to you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We print below a further instalment of the roll of members of our League, of which the main object is to promote good fellowship and good sportsmanship and to provide every member with a potential friend of the right sort in whatever part of the country he may find himself. We should be obliged if members whose names have been inadvertently omitted, or who have recently changed their address, would communicate with us at once, in order that all errors and omissions may be rectified in a supplementary list, which will also contain the names of members joining after the publication of the list for their town. A form of application, with particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.

HIGH BLANTYRE.
A. M. TODD, 124, Main Street.

HIGHBRIDGE.
S. HOWE, Cazenore, Brent Knoll.

HIGH WYCOMBE.
F. T. V. HAINS, 16, Lower Gordon Road.
W. MAY, The Lilies, Totteridge Road.
W. B. SMITH, Priory Avenue.
F. TOPLIS, 29, High Street.
W. WEBB, Kitchener Road.

HILLSBOROUGH.
W. J. WRIGHT, Newport.

HINCKLEY.
F. BURKITT, 18A, Castle Street.
S. BURTON, Council Road.
A. DAY, 35, Rugby Road.
J. GOODE, 4, Coxes Abbey, Castle Street.
W. SKEVINGTON, c/o Worthington's Stores, Castle Street.

HULL.
J. ABBOTT, 12, South View, Paisley Street.
A. BEILBY, 3, Churchill Avenue, Delapole Avenue.
P. BLACKBURN, Sorrento House, St. George's Road.
H. BOOKER, 82, Porter Street.
H. H. BROADWELL, 51, Great Thornton Street.
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C. R. CROOKS, 13, King's Terrace, Terry Street, Beverley Road.
G. DOBSON, 371, Hessle Road.
G. P. GAPP, 235, Albert Avenue.
W. H. GOLDSMITH, 55, Walmsley Street.
G. HARRISON, 11, Derby Terrace, Clarendon Street.
H. HAY, 409, Anlaby Road.
J. W. JEDERIN, 14, Model Dwellings, Midland Street.
H. LODGE, 16, St. James Square.
C. LONGLEY, 1, Ferndale, Lambert Street.
H. MAINPRIZE, 49, Edgecombe Street, Newland Avenue.
J. W. MILLER, 87, Somerset Street, Newington.
W. MINDO, 10, Wyke Avenue, Selby Street West.
T. H. MORGAN, 38, Bachelor Street

HULL *(contd.)*.
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W. NORTON, 55, Walmsley Street.
H. NOBLE, 75, Laburnum Avenue Garden Village.
G. PICKER, 76, Worthing Street, Newland.
J. R. QUANTOCK, 50, Green Lane.
F. SCOTT, 23, Withernsea Street.
A. W. SMITH, Swanland Road, Hessle.
F. C. SIMPSON, 16, Curson Street, Albert Avenue.
F. SMALES, 60, Sherburn Street, Holderness Road.
W. E. STEGGALL, 9, Middleton Street, Spring Bank.
A. WATKINSON, 23, Bean Street, Anlaby Road.
M. C. WATSON, 8, Rosedale, Whitby Street.
C. H. WILLIAMSON, 93, Crowle Street.
A. H. E. WINGATE, 60, Worthing Street.

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L. H. BEARD, High Street.
A. E. CLIFTON, The Grove, Craven Road, Inkpen.
E. J. HAWKINS, High Street.

HUNTINGDON.
F. J. CORBETT, The Coal Yard.

HUNTLY.
A. E. FRASER, Gladstone Road.
R. MICHIL, "Fernbank," Gladstone Road.
W. TAYLOR, Signalman, Huntly Station.

HURLFORD.
R. DOBBIE, 6, Barleith Buildings.

HUTTON RUDBY.
F. MILBURN, Victoria Buildings.
R. MILBURN, Victoria Buildings.
T. B. MILBURN, Victoria Buildings.
J. W. STOCKDALE, Victoria Buildings.

HINDHEAD.
W. H. ROBERTS, Beacon Hotel.

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P. L. TOPHAM, care of C. P. Gosling, Esq., Arlesey.

HONITON.
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W. MILLER, 49, Albert Road.
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W. E. MATTHEWS, Laurel Cottage, Bank Bottom, Shepley.
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W. RICHARDSON, 100, Main Street, Addingham.

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(To be continued.)

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Football Boots, size nine, nearly new; also new Football knickers; lot 7s. 6d.—Box 4242, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Feb. 25.

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Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
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* Please cross out sizes not required.